

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Dramatized Version of "Mr. Barnes of New York"—Love Triumphant Over Inbred Barbarism—The Procreative Energy of the Universe and Its Necessity in the Drama—Rigl a Chromo of Modjeska—The Strength of the Play and the Weakness of the Cast—Perplexity in Fixing Hading's Status—The Effect of the Smooth Current of French Art at Palmer's.

Mr. A. C. Gunter's dramatized version of his "Mr. Barnes of New York" showed so much genuine dramatic power that I could not help regretting its weakness, or rather its unfitness of cast.

The play went off with much *eclat*. It was so superbly illuminated and pictured by Goatcher that it won a distinct visual triumph. It had the atmosphere of the *Riviera*—that coast golden with the romance of all nations, and the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean shimmered and danced all through it.

It was a fine idea of Mr. Gunter's to conceive of love triumphing over the inbred barbarism of the Corsican vendetta, and shown as he has shown it, the play is a noble effort to exhibit an ethical principle that playwrights do not understand and only dramatists can apprehend.

Pardon me if I point out that universal and ever-present truth once more so often obscured, and when not obscured perverted.

It is this: That love and not hatred is the seminal, procreative and conserving energy of the universe. It alone makes, binds, preserves and triumphs. Without it the race would destroy itself, and the stars in their courses would fight against each other.

Time and again we have had plays bucketed from the slums of ignorance in which revenge is the sole animating principle and human beings were called upon to contemplate human tigers trying to make an animal impulse an ethical energy.

If there is anything left for the contemplation of civilization that is repugnant to its every aspiration and endeavor, it is the vendetta.

It belongs in the category of rude horrors where we find Thuggism, the worship of Siva and Moloch, and the insane malignity of the Malay "amuck."

We do not have to go to Corsica for it. Wherever the boundaries of civilization melt away into the shadows of barbarism we find it. It lingers yet in the mountains of Tennessee and looks out of the jungles of Texas.

It is a remnant of the brute man who once clawed and tore his fellow like the beasts he had been sired by.

It was therefore a proper and a fine idea to show that love, that benign and fusing spark, was capable of melting even this inherited horror.

That, in brief, is what Mr. Gunter's play attempts to do.

And having found out what it was he attempted to do, there is nothing left for us but to tell how he did it.

Succinctly, then, I think it may be said he has done it with picturesqueness and power.

Out of the blue mists of the Mediterranean peers this mirage of revenge, to be dissipated by the equitable sun of affection.

So Eros is older than Pluto still.

The situation in the last act is a holding one. It grows integrally out of the character and the circumstance. And had it been as well done as it was conceived, it must have produced an exceptional tension of nerves.

Emily Rigl is not, to my mind, a compelling actress in roles like this which lap over on tragedy. Her gamut of expression is what the musicians call "chromatic." It moves by half steps. And if there is anything demands the diatonic scale and the round, full, common chords it is tragedy.

The grey half-tints of your French school cannot portray the Rubenesque and Titianesque frescoes of lofty passion.

Rigl reminds me of a chromo of Modjeska. She depicts intense, soul swaying emotions with mincing and spiteful details. There is plenty of sharp *cocotte* sweetness but no elemental sweep. She is intent but not intense. It is always the keen effort of a conscious limitation that you see. A great actress would have made the situation of the last act momentous. Rigl made it exact and strenuous.

The understanding and the sympathy of the

spectators are craftily wrought up to this crisis, and nothing but histrionic greatness can satisfy the demands of the situation.

You must perceive that Marina has inherited the superstition and the race loyalty to the Vendetta. To kill for revenge is a religion with her. She has sworn on the dead body of her brother to search through the world for his slayer; to give her life and all her faculties to the performance of a dread duty, and when she is finally brought face to face with the fact that the man she loves and has married is the man she has sworn to kill, and all the voices of her kindred are calling on her—all the superstitions of her race rise up and demand that she shall keep her oath.

Anything more dramatic than the situation that results it would be difficult to conceive.

But none of the barbaric influences that hem her in have calculated upon the primacy and potency of love.

York that Mr. Gunter has impressed upon the fancy.

To my mind he utterly failed to seize upon and make manifest the one or two sterling points of Mr. Barnes' character, and he belittled the personage by a trivial *nil admirari* salon demeanor that made us think of a rich *roue* rather than a self-possessed, courageous, cool-headed, independent American.

One has to pass with eyes half-closed from the principals to the ensemble to feel how romantic and how picturesque this play is. Here and there the stream of the story is broken into shallows of dialogue and is retarded by sand-banks of comedy, but it breaks away at times and rolls with the brimming turbulence of melodrama.

We do not carry away a distinct impression of anything Miss Evesson has done, except to come scarlet and scrumptious, like a royal cactus flower, and bloom into the eyesight and

Clayton can no more be sad than can a bobolink or a Coquelin.

You might as well expect Jane Hading to be chipper.

When the gods mixed up Miss Clayton they left out the tears.

But they threw in an extra *jodel*.

If she and Evesson would only put on short dresses and frisk, they'd have the whole Union Club applying for permits to kiss their shadows.

I sincerely hope that A Sad Coquette will meet with a better fate than has attended The Quick or the Dead. It is a very pretty story, sad to painfulness, and has been read by millions all over the world. I place the original of it at the apex of love romance.

Rhoda Broughton never afterwards approached its high-water mark.

But oh, what depths of feeling it must have in the actress!

does not collapse you like lightning, but coerces you like sunshine.

I find that my first impression of a strange similarity in her person and work at times to Clara Morris wears off with a better acquaintance. There is really no similarity.

If one has depths that the other has never sounded, so, too, one has pinnacles and airy heights that the other has never reached.

In the steady flow of this stream of French art at Palmer's there has been no inundation. Audiences are not swept away as if they were in the Ohio Valley.

You do not suffer the epilepsy of enthusiasm on these classical banks.

But I think you can muse profitably and pleasantly as the river goes by, freighted with the hues of a thousand Summers.

And you can, if you please, see lurking in the French gardens on its banks all the dryads and nereids who have come up from the sea of literature and art, and who, phantom-like, peer at you out of the coverts of Moliere and Victor Hugo with their kindly, traditional faces.

NYM CRINKLE.

A Bunch of Benefits.

The Autumnal series of benefits is at hand. Several performances of this nature are announced, and several are in process of arrangement, although the yellow fever benefits have to some extent taken the edge off the public appetite for these entertainments.

To-day (Thursday) there will be a performance for the fever sufferers at the Madison Square Theatre, which Manager Palmer has given to the ladies' relief committee for that purpose. A Legal Wreck will be performed. Numbers of tickets have been sold by the socially eminent woman under whose auspices the affair takes place.

John P. Smith will profit by a testimonial at the Star Theatre to-morrow (Friday) afternoon. Mr. Smith has been suffering from illness for a couple of years. This, combined with a persistent streak of ill-luck in his business ventures, has reduced his resources to a point which makes assistance welcome. As Mr. Smith always lent a willing hand in his days of prosperity to charitable objects, the managers of New York deemed this a fitting opportunity to reciprocate. They united in tendering him this benefit and pledged their support. The programme is interesting and varied, including among others such volunteers as Agnes Booth, Maude Harrison, Marietta Nash, E. H. Sothorn, Joseph Haworth, C. B. Bishop, Rowland Buckstone and William Gillette. Messrs. Palmer, Sothorn and Denman Thompson have paid handsome premiums for tickets, and the sale of seats has been gratifying to Mr. Smith and his friends.

On the afternoon of Tuesday next a benefit will be given at Palmer's Theatre in aid of the widow of George R. Chipman, treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera House. The purpose is a worthy one, and influential people are helping it along. J. T. Maguire, of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is serving as treasurer. Already numerous attractions have been secured, including the Hungarian Band, Viennese Lady Fencers, Charles Coote, the Casino company, Duncan Harrison's company in an act from The Paymaster, Max Alvary, Sophie Traubmann, Gus Williams, the Two Macs, Billy Rice, an act of Zig-Zag, Frankie Kemble, Prof. Cromwell, the Brass Monkey company, Clarence Worrall, Ruby Brooks, and Harry Widmar and his orchestra.

The Actors' Fund will hold the first of its series of benefits at the Grand Opera House on Thursday, Nov. 15. The list of volunteers is not yet made public, but the Benefit Committee promise that they will present the strongest miscellaneous bill of the season. There will be three more performances given for the Fund in this city during the season, including an operatic entertainment at the Metropolitan, a performance by the united stock companies and a monster variety show.

The Elks are also on hand early with their Fall benefit. It will take place at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 22. Booth and Barrett, Jefferson and Mary Anderson are the strong cards on the programme, which will be filled out with many good features. The Elks are industriously working up the entertainment now.

It is said that Mary Anderson will use 1,500 dresses with her during her tour. It requires thirty-six huge packing boxes, and in addition to six cases of books, and a lot of Irving costumes, and a lot of scenery, and a lot of wigs.

GAWAIN.



E. H. SOTHERN.

In an instant she is born again. She will not kill her husband. In the divine glow of the new sunburst, the phantoms of her race vanish. Hatred has lost its venom and revenge no longer sways her. Then the regal power of a woman's affection dominates everything, and with the sudden energy of a desperate mother, who defends her first-born from miscreants, she turns her dagger of vengeance on her race and denies its dark mandates.

Nothing but the tragic instinct and the tragic equipment could meet the full requirements of this splendid crisis.

Rigl is not tragic.

I suppose you must be aware that I am paying Mr. Gunter an enormous compliment to say that he has transcended the capacities of adjacent stage material.

No one who has read the book and seen the play will for a moment admit that Mr. J. H. Gilmour realizes the Mr. Barnes of New

York that Mr. Gunter has impressed upon the fancy.

Some tones of a limpid, lullaby voice did seem to issue from the scarlet sweetness, as if incense were verbal when it was not dramatic.

In the banquet of the drama, where we bring our appetites to demolish the dishes, it is well, perhaps, to have a banquet on the table that we cannot eat, and that in all the rout of gustatory demolition remains divinely the same, dewy and delicious, after the gravy is cold and the joints have done their worst.

This Iolanthe, carved in sweet butter, is deserving only of airy wreaths made of the finest flowers of rhetoric. Anything heavier would disturb the dream.

Here I am reminded that Estelle Clayton is about changing her bill at the Fifth Avenue, and before this gets into the mails she will probably be playing the Sad Coquette.

There is only one trouble about this: Miss

And, curiously enough, depths of feeling are claimed by every living actress on earth, from Dimpfel to Dauvray.

Jane Hading is, I suppose, the central point of interest on our stage at this moment.

I have seen her and studied her in all her roles so far, and I confess myself much baffled to fix her status with anything like certainty.

That she has some kind of ineffable charm in all that she does is now generally acknowledged by the best judges.

But just how far this charm is organic, and just how far it is an acquisition, only the rash summarists will attempt to decide slap dash.

She appears to say with a good deal of authority that dramatic art is an exposition, not an explosion, and whether as ingenue or adventuress, she fastens your senses and your interest with a graceful, sentient *finesse* that

PALMER'S THEATRE—L'AVENTURIERE.

M. Coquelin's Don Anribal was a masterpiece of picturesque and minute detail, in make-up, gesture, voice and feature. The part is a favorite one with some of the best French actors, and THE MIRROR remembers in especial a magnificent performance of the role by Got some few years ago, at the Theatre Francaise. In consonance with his larger and more vigorous personality, the actor played it with greater masculine breadth and business energy, in which the rudeness of the bravo and swastickler was sharply brought out. Coquelin, true to his instincts and training, accented rather the humorous elements of the character, a shade of sly cynicism which impresses the hearer with the notion that Don Anribal, sneak and scoundrel as he is, avowed with a certain sardonic relish the satiric side of his own rascality. His drunken scene in the second act was a marvellous piece of realism and humor combined, and has long taken rank among the inimitable *chef d'œuvre* of modern art. The brazen audacity of his Coquelin attempt at blackmail in the last act, however cool, almost good natured villain, who urges his fainting sister to give him only to be paralleled by the GRONCHI his final collapse, and the LIGHT COMEAK-keed-ored sort of swaggers Season 1897-7-9-9 himself off the stage. Co. to might be taxed with

BROADWAY THEATRE—MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

Miss Riggs' good nature and the indifference, manifested by her friends, at her last appearance, were picturesquely contrasted in the person of Miss Marina, who entered the theatre as the heroine of the emotional exhibitions, and they were found more than amply recompensed, moreover, to be narrowly circumscribed where really powerful efforts were demanded. Miss Riggs has some very disagreeable facial eccentricities which she has not shaken off during her prolonged absence from the local stage. At certain moments she speaks with clenched teeth as if she conceived a species of loquacity to be the ordinary accompaniment of passionate expression. Miss Evesson as Enid was sweetly pretty, and that was all. Miss Geronimo as Lady Chartris received a hearty greeting, and with Frankie Kemble, who frisked around in girlish short skirts that were somewhat out of keeping with her character, she happily supplied the needed vein to the performance.

Helen Corlette made a picturesque and comely Cornish peasant. The scenery, painted by Phil Goatcher, was beautiful, the Cornish shore and the view of Monte Carlo particularly achieving favor.

The plot is of the sensational order. The hero has been abandoned by a rich father and, in consequence, has steadily sunk to the level of degraded associates in the London slums. In the meantime the hero's villainous cousin devotes all his energies through five acts to various schemes of dispatching him to another world. There is a great ado about a bundle of papers, identifying the hero, and warranting that he is of genuine make. The papers pass from hand to hand with dextrous frequency. As the villain has a lachrymose spouse who somewhat interferes with an ad-

STAR THEATRE—PENELOPE.

This piece, which has entered on its second year, is one of the few that can legitimately sustain its claim to be placed in the catalog of musical comedies, and it is one of the best of its class. Little Puck bids fair to run

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—A BRASS MONKEY.

Charles Reed, in especial, as the patient but despondent Jonah did some really good character work, and Flora Walsh, as the naughty school-girl, was both spirited and graceful. The piece promises a run. On some of the aspects æsthetic and moral, of this work and its congners, we may take occasion to repeat elsewhere.

WINDSOR THEATRE—ONE OF THE OLD STCC

Charles L. Davis' '\$50,000' new play, *Of the Old Stock*, received its initial performance in New York on Monday night at the Windsor Theatre to an overflowing house. It is a mystery why Mr. Davis paid more than \$40,000 for this piece.

The plot is hackneyed and improbable. An old Vermont farmer, Alvin Joslin, has a prettiest daughter, Bessie, who becomes wearied of her humble home surroundings and elopes with a very transparent city villain, whom the author doubtless intended should seem to be a gentleman. She is transported to a palatial abode in the city of Burlington, laden down with diamonds of enormous size, and surrounded with enough screens, paintings and bric-a-brac in one room to furnish several large establishments.

Next Tuesday Fascination's fiftieth performance will be celebrated at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Miss Tanner's engagement here closes next week—Lord Chumley is crowding the Lyceum regularly.—Dockstadt has a skit burlesquing *The Quick or the Dead* this week, which meets with favor. The rest of the bill is eminently enjoyable.—Wadd's Googan has his own way at the Park, and it's a way that thousands like, to judge from the attendance.—A *Legal Wreck* holds on its course very prosperously at the Madison Square.

The Paymaster's Prospects.

Even at that it was the biggest water effect that is now to be seen. This is the only play in which the tank is an incidental and legitimate effect. We play the Grand Opera House from next week, then Niblo's, and then go West, stopping at Chicago, after which we play in the East the remainder of the season. We have actually more applications for time now than we could fill in three years, and in Duncan Harrison we have a star who will rank with the best in a few years. Josie Hall will take the place of May Adams, who goes to the L. B. Mumford, when we come to Niblo's on the 20th.

Sibyl Johnstone's Starring Tour.

"Although the supporting company has not yet been secured, most of the details of the tour have been settled. We will work West and South and return to this city next Spring. We shall have a strong cast, and negotiations are now going on with Ben Graham and another sterling actor for the leading male role. The piece will be elegantly staged and a comparison invited between our play and that of the Lyceum. The Senator's Home will be one of the most elegant interiors ever seen on the stage."

Charles R. Gardiner returned from an extended trip in the West with his He, She, He and Her company on Monday. He says the piece is a go, and he expects that it will prove extremely profitable. Mr. Gardiner states that he sold out his interest in The Arabian Nights about three weeks ago to his brother, E. J. Gardiner, and F. W. Holland, who now have sole control of the attraction.

The Giddy Gusher.



I never saw but one French person on the stage that was not dominated by the rules of declamation and governed by the laws found in such books as "How to be an Actor." That man was Frederic Le Maitre, and I was such a cheerful kid at the age of fifteen, believing all geese swan and accepting the pendants on girandoles as first-water diamonds, that I can't place great reliance on that early-formed opinion. But I saw Le Maitre at the Porte St. Martin swing through a romantic drama with the force and earnestness of a real passion, that lighted his own face like a fire and mine with the reflection.

Since then the great French artists have charmed me with their grace, their repose, their melodious utterance, their admirable portrayal of passion, but always in the air beside them was the vanishing shadow of the teacher of elocution—and in the air I heard the echoes of the lessons of the Theatre Francais. It's wonderfully like the real thing.

Only for the placard in the window, as you find it in the Palais Royal "imitation," you could hardly tell paste from diamonds, but like the Palais Royal, the sign is up in every case.

Fechter, Bernhardt, Coquelin, Hading—splendid quartette, I grant you. But the combination can't boast one drop of certain realism, that flows from the presence of Clara Morris as a spring leaps from a crevice in a rock.

Can Bernhardt in her strongest emotional scenes in Camille stir the pulses as Ellen Terry does in her simplest ebullition of distress?

Was Fechter ever as near to the human heart in his portrayal of romantic character as was Charles Thorne?

There's a wild cry going up from the critics, who don't understand French or Italian and are knocked out by one sentence of German, that our native artists should study these great foreigners and learn their business. Now, I'm blessed well satisfied with English speaking artists. I think James Lewis is as much funnier than Messieurs Got and Coquelin as they make 'em.

I don't think the French stage to-day can show a man who can, with the simplest methods draw the tears and wring one's heart in sympathy with pictured suffering as can Joseph Wheelock.

Before Monte Cristo built a wall round James O'Neill, that little man laid way over foreign romantic actors.

Salvini in Othello is worthy of study, but the wickedest old Macbeth, and the lumpiest old Lear ever witnessed, can be charged to the great Italian.

A course of education in the Theatre Francais could never have improved Clara Morris. She don't stop to think if at such a line her hand shall go to her head, or her head shall drop on her hand. She don't think in a burst of passion whether her mouth shall be left open or shut. If she did, that subtle something we call magnetism would be cut off like a current of electricity; we'd feel nothing—only see the wires.

The artist is born, not made. That's the truest sentence ever uttered. The land is full of ambitious girls and stage-struck young men. All the schools ever founded can't make artists of 'em if they have no talent. And if they have got ability, schools, methods and systems raise hob with it. If you don't believe it, go see the leading foreign artists and see what an Eden Musee party they are.

I wouldn't trust any one of 'em on a Fourth of July procession for fear it would melt and run down.

It quite scares me to hear of the rapidly increasing schools in which acting is taught. I'm so fond of the theatre that I look forward to reserved seats in 1910 and a private box in 1918 with pleased expectancy. But, if the gang growing up will furnish the amusement, I may as well school myself to endure, not to enjoy.

There's a young lady I have seen late'y who brings to the stage a fine voice, a good figure, a striking face. She will never amount to anything as an actress as long as she lives.

No matter what the speech is—it may be full of suffering, or bursting with love—she lifts her voice always on the right syllable, she throws up her arm at exactly the same place right after night.

It's like turning the crank of one of those audiphones. It comes out every time just the same.

It's art, not nature, and it's the work of the delightful teacher. She's been prepared for the stage just as Hecker prepares flour. It

makes something that looks like bread but don't taste like it by a blamed sight.

Four times a week, by computation, some parent or guardian comes or sends to me to name a competent teacher of acting. I send 'em straight to Madam Ponisi, and that magnificent woman says: "My dear, acting cannot be taught. Stage business may be explained, but practice is better than theory. A season of barnstorming will do you more actual good than years of study under masters or mistresses of elocution who prepare people for the stage."

I was in a sister city some time ago and read a glowing advertisement of some manufacturer of players in a morning paper. A few hours after, stumbling through a passage leading from a type-writing office to the street, I saw the tin sign of the advertiser and coolly walked in.

I was met by a cadaverous looking woman who might have played Lady Macbeth to John Kemble. "I came to see if you could make an actress of me," said I, making as much of an idiot of myself as nature would permit.

"The best material I should say," warbled Medea.

"I'd like to play pretty parts," said I, "such parts as Belle Archer and Annie Russell play at the Lyceum and Madison Square in New York."

"And you would play them well," returned Lucrezia Borgia.

"I thought perhaps I weighed too much and had too determined a countenance to depict a real, yielding, guileless creature," put in I deprecatingly.

"On 'the contrary," said old Goneril, "the world has come to know that a chest measurement of forty-four inches often contains an untutored heart than a slim Jim tape mark that reaches thirty-two and laps."

Then she asked me to recite something, and I tipped her "Jim Bladsoe" in a voice like a handsaw.

She was delighted. "That's the best recited piece I've heard in a long while," said she.

"How long before you can make me into an ingenious actress," asked I.

"You can count on bein' one next Spring," cackled the old hen. "If you go right to work and take lessons enough. The fault of most people is they think one lesson a week's enough—you order take three, an' I should think you might stan' four."

I promised to take four and to commence Monday, Sept. 10.

Heavens! just think what an ingenue I might have been if I'd kept that appointment. But it goes to show the sort of thing one finds floating 'round in the dramatic teacher business.

If the teachers are in "the profession" they can't be worth much artistically to come down to dramatic lessons, and if they are not in the business what can they teach you of it?

I said to one "preparer for the stage," "Where are you playing?"

"I am not playing."

"Where did you play when you played?"

"I am not an actor. I never played. I'm a teacher," said he, freezing.

"Ye gods!" said I, "you've never been to sea, and yet you want to be a captain. You're a fool or you think I'm one. Either way it isn't pleasant. Good morning."

I unearthed an old settler the other day, and began to exchange facts about the weather with him. He told me that the years in which three figures of the same denomination meet—as in 1888—have always been remarkable for great and terrible atmospheric events. He predicted that we should have something particularly horrible in the way of weather before January introduced us to 1889.

As near as I remember we are to have a blizzard; by far worse and more of it than last Winter's darling (that laid Jake Nunmacher, Lizzie, his wife, and the Gusher by the heels in Sixty-first street). We are to have a cyclone the 20th November that will unroof us—and a tornado November 25th that will uproot us.

He went on to enumerate the dread events of 1777—1666, so I'm really scared about 1888. I tell you this to have you make a note of it and see if it comes true. During December a New York theatre will be destroyed by fire with loss of life. During December a popular manager will do something that will be a nine days' wonder. (The oracle wouldn't divulge the nature of the offence. I think Harry Miner will, under temporary insanity, induced by pressure, assassinate a leading man.)

During December a great literary event will occur. (THE MIRROR'S Christmas issue, I suppose.) And during December a first-class earthquake will demolish half the cities of the Eastern States.

Here's an outlook to warm things up; no going to Montreal tobogganing if there's going to be so much to see here.

I think I've got in ahead with prophecy and predictions. Perhaps this day's work will put me alongside Wiggins. What a triumph for THE GIDDY GUSHER.

The scheme introduced by Manager Harris of the Academy of Music, Baltimore, in letting out opera glasses to his patrons free of charge, has proven a great success. Over 300 pairs of opera glasses are in use at every performance, and thus far this season not one has been lost.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Oct. 4.

"Leather Apron," or "The Man from Texas," or whoever the Whitechapel monster may be, remains undiscovered at the time of writing, but the millions who were supposed by those ingenious fictionists, Carte and company, to be hungering and thirsting for information as to the new Savoy opera, had their pangs assuaged on Tuesday morning by public advertisement. It was then found that the title of the new piece would be The Yeoman of the Guard; or, The Merry Man and his Maid, and that it would be played for the first time on the following evening. London bore the great news with commendable calmness. The citizens went about their usual business all the same as if nothing out of the common had occurred, and so far as can be ascertained the foundations of our principal public buildings remain unshaken.

Nevertheless, last night's premiere was just as much a "function" of light and leading as any previous Savoy first-night. It seems to me that Gilbert and Sullivan, having discovered that their one pair of rails—good as they are—cannot be continued to infinity, have wisely taken a new departure. Not too much new departure, perhaps, so far as Sullivan is concerned, but just new departure enough. The Yeoman of the Guard is, in effect, a serious drama set to music. The comedy element is not more conspicuous than in an ordinary melodrama, and of topsyturvydom, properly so-called, there is next to none. Allowing for the exigencies of stage business the characters converse and conduct themselves pretty much as they might in real life. The change is rather a wrench to begin with, but when the public get used to it the new style will probably be just as popular as the old business at its best. It will be noticed that G. and S. describe their latest work merely as "opera." In the early days "comic opera" was the name they conjured by. Then Iolanthe was called "fairly," The Mikado "Japanese," and Ruddigore "supernatural." Now we have got down to the bed rock. The change is likely to be an improvement, and to mark a new era in the English lyric stage.

Musically the opera is perfect. I have no time now to select individual beauties, but I unhesitatingly affirm that there is not a bad number in the score and that in many Sir Arthur is at his best. For the "book," though topsyturvydom has departed, the quaint Gilbertian humor remains, and the lyrics are, as a rule, sound specimens of literary workmanship. There is but one scene in the opera, but that is admirably conceived and splendidly executed. It is the Tower Green, with the grim, square, turreted "keep" set obliquely as a semi-solid background. The gate leading to the Coldharbour Tower appropriately occupies the prompt side, and above and all around the sky borders are, as it were, "coved" to the wings. The stage illusion is simply perfect and reflects great credit on Hawes Craven. The dresses—all accurate Sixteenth Century work—have been designed by Percy Anderson, who, ever since he designed the costumes for Richard Henry's "Monte Cristo, Jr.," has been in great demand for this sort of work. His "scheme of color" is, as usual, excellent. So is the staging as a whole.

Just a brief sketch of the plot and I have done. Col. Fairfax has been accused of sorcery by his kinsman, who is his heir if he dies unmarried. Fairfax is condemned to death, and the execution is to take place on the Tower green within an hour. Sergeant Meryll (of the Yeomen of the Guard) is Fairfax's old comrade, and means to save him. Meryll has a son, Leonard, and a daughter, Phoebe. Leonard is about to be admitted into the Yeomen of the Guard, none of whom have yet seen him. Phoebe is a skittish damsel, who is beloved by the grim Wilfred, head jailer and assistant tormentor. It is agreed between old Meryll and his son and daughter that Phoebe shall steal Wilfred's keys, that Fairfax shall be let out to take Leonard's place as Yeoman of the Guard, and that Leonard shall go away and hide somewhere till the affair has blown over. Meanwhile, Fairfax, desiring to spoil his knavish kinsman's little game, thinks it would be a good thing to get married before he dies, and imparts his notion to another old friend, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who consents to aid him in his project. A crowd now ransh in pursuing Jack Point a sort of jester out of work, and Elsie Maynard, a strolling singer of the Emerald type. The Lieutenant rescues them from their pursuers, and, of course, divines that Elsie is the very bride that Fairfax wants. So a bargain is struck. For a hundred crowns Elsie consents to be led blindfold to the prisoner's cell, married to him, and then to depart without further question. All of which is done "off" in due course; but while this has been doing preparations for Fairfax's escape have been toward, and the Merylls plan succeeds in every detail. Fairfax himself, in his new capacity as Yeoman of the Guard, is sent with three comrades to fetch himself to execution. The death-bell tolls. The headman, with axe resting on the block, presents a grim figure in the centre of the stage. When the agony has been sufficiently piled up the four Yeomen rush in to say that Fairfax has escaped, and a very dramatic finale ensues. The humor of it is that Elsie is married and doesn't know what has become of her husband, and that Jack Point, the jester, who expected to marry her, is left lamenting.

In Act Two the jailer Wilfred (having lost his post because of Fairfax's escape) and Jack Point (who has lost his bribe because she has not become a widow as arranged) plot to set things right for themselves. They arrange to fire at a fictitious Fairfax, whom they pretend to catch in the act of escaping, and thus Wilfred is reinstated and Elsie's scruples with regard to more matrimony are overcome. Point

is, however, no better off, for the disguised Fairfax has fallen in love with her and she with him, and she consents to marry the supposed Leonard. But it now turns out that Fairfax was relieved and that the reprieve was kept back by his wicked-cousin. There being no longer any reason for hiding, Fairfax comes forth as himself in all the bravery of the fashionable young man of the period. So Elsie and he are united. Phoebe and Wilfred and old Meryll and Dame Carruthers—an ancient she-warder—also pair off, and Point is still left lamenting when the curtain falls.

For lines and "business" Miss Jessie Bond's part—Phoebe—is the most attractive in the opera. She plays it with inimitable arch humor, and sings sweetly as ever. Geraldine Ulmar made a great hit as Elsie, and eclipsed her previous efforts in this direction. Richard Temple is good as old Meryll, and Courtice Pounds is vocally and otherwise acceptable as Fairfax. He is a handsome young fellow, with a pleasing light tenor voice. A printed apology was circulated for him on the score of "a bad cold." It was not evident in his singing, and the apology might with better grace have been made for the "vibrato" in which he occasionally indulged. W. H. Denny, another newcomer, was gravely humorous as Wilfred. Miss Brandram was useful as Dame Carruthers. George Grosmeth made (for him) a good deal of the character of Point, the jester, who is a person of the Touchstone type, full of wise saws and modern instances, mingled with a cynical scorn of the tricks of his trade. The opera went without a hitch from start to finish. Encores were the rule throughout. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted, and was received with rapture on taking his seat, and again when Gilbert and he came on after the final fall of the curtain. It was a big night all round.

Of course you have been fully informed by cable of our epidemic of murder above alluded to, but you may not know that in yesterday's Daily Telegraph it was seriously suggested that the perpetrator of these crimes "is a being whose diseased brain has been inflamed by witnessing the performance of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, which, I understand," the suggester adds somewhat naively, "is now wisely withdrawn from the stage." Robbery as well as murder has been pressed into the cause by Lyceum advertisement, for on Saturday night mysterious paragraphs to the effect that £300 had been mysteriously abstracted from the iron safe in the manager's room sporadically cropped up and caused wild excitement among playgoers. With regard to the wisdom of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde's withdrawal, I am quite at one with the Telegraph suggester, but in sober sadness I fear that A Parisian Romance, which on Monday replaced it, will not bring much grit to the Mansfield mill here in London. Mansfield is an accomplished actor, and whatever he does here will probably be received with respect up to a certain point. But his besetting sin is the tendency to over-elaboration, and this was even more noticeable in A Parisian Romance than in the now famous "dual impersonation." It is but fair to admit, however, that but for Mansfield's wonderful representation of the wicked old Baron de Chevalier the play would probably have been received with derision. Sooth to say, it is but a poor piece of work in the original, and its poverty is increased when played in another language and in a country where "sentiment" runs on such very different lines. The bare notion that a man like Henri de Targy should beggar himself, his wife and his mother, merely out of respect for his dead father's memory, and knowing full well that the money will only go to swell the hoard of the heartless, cynical old voluptuary who is already a millionaire ten times over, is too thin for London anyway. If he chose to sacrifice his own property absurdly that would be bad enough, but to take his wife's dowry and his mother's jointure for the same purpose is robbery. Even in Paris they wouldn't stand it. When Un Roman Parisien was brought out at the Gymnas six years ago it was only the magnificent acting of Pasca and Magnier, of Marais and St. Germain that saved it. St. Germain played the Baron, whose character had not then assumed the proportions with which the careful study of Mansfield has invested it. Of course it was on Mansfield and on Mansfield alone that the play ran on your side—and certainly I have never seen anything more horribly thrilling than his death scene at the supper-party. But somehow it doesn't strike the right note. Mansfield is a fine artist, but he at present lacks the art to conceal his act. Until he acquires this art he cannot become really great. John T. Sullivan showed to more advantage as De Targy than in his last part, but the best performance of the evening, apart from Mansfield, was Emma Sheridan's Therese. The scene wherein, at the command of Chevalier, she accepts De Targy's restitution was splendidly played all round. It went straight to the heart of the audience, who rewarded Miss Sheridan with a spontaneous burst of applause—which, I regret to say, she was inartistic enough to acknowledge by bowing, though the scene had not ended.

Carina, the new comic opera which was produced at the Opera Comique last Thursday night, has had a strange, eventful, not to say romantic history. Some of the critics misreading the biographical information so extensively "communicated" to them in this connection have treated the work as the first essay of a novice, and have alluded to its author as "a talented young composer." As a matter of fact, Madam Julia Wolff, the "young composer" in question, is a portly lady rather over fifty years of age. She took the king's scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music way back in the sixties, and achieved considerable reputation as a pianist at the Promenade Concerts during the consulate of Plancus—that is to say when Alfred Mellon ran the show. It is more than a dozen years since she composed Carina, the book of which was written for her by E. L. Blanchard, who has provided pin omies for Drury Lane for a period whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Blanchard took his plot from an old play entitled The Midnight Hour, by Mrs. Inchbald, who took it from an older French piece—Guerre Ouve. On Ruse contre Ruse—which, at Paris, in 1776, enjoyed the unprecedented run of eighty nights. Madam Wolff is the wife of a Hebrew hide merchant, named Isaacson, who, for a considerable period, worried around endeavoring to get his wife's opera produced but without avail. Everybody liked the music, and upon at least three occasions a theatre was selected and everything in connection with production was settled except producing. Somehow something always

cropped up to stop the way. At last, almost in despair, the Isaacsons formed a syndicate to run the opera, and selected the Opera Comique as their battleground. Blanchard's book being deemed too short to form a whole evening's entertainment, Cunningham Bridgman was called in to lengthen and strengthen the libretto. At first all went well, but ere long the collaborators began to fight, after the manner of their species. At length peace was patched up between the combatants on condition that each "lyric" should have appended to it the name of its author.

If, however, Madame Wolff has had to wait a long time for production, she has got a good one at last. The syndicate planked down their money like little men, and turned on Charles Harris to do the staging, and Charles spread himself on the piece with the happiest results. The chosen people mustered in force on the first night and worked the encore racket with such severity that the stern and unbending critics of the front row of the pit—who pay to come in and who, if they don't see what they want upon the stage, usually ask for it, and with no uncertain sound—these bona-fide members of the British public, I say, vigorously resented the efforts of the well-meaning but ill-instructed clique. Carina is quite good enough to dispense with such adventitious aids. But had she been only a little less meritorious the means taken to secure her success would have caused her dismal failure. *Vrro, sap.* A nod should be as good as a wink to a blind syndicate.

Madame Wolff has the gift of melody and her orchestration is that of an accomplished musician. Her ballads and concerted pieces are mostly pure Balfe—and from a popular standpoint are none the worse on that account. Reminiscences of far more eminent hands are freely scattered up and down her score, but their use is always artistic and their surroundings are never incongruous. Musically Carina is undoubtedly a success. The "book" is not a marvel of humor and its construction is decidedly faulty, inasmuch as the real laughter-provokers are never permitted to meet. There are only two acts. The first is negatively good and with a little pulling together will become positively so. The second is flabby and tedious. In Act One General Bobadillo's pretty niece, Carina, is supposed to be promised in marriage to a Cuban millionaire, whose arrival is hourly expected. Of course, she loves Another. Another's full name is Don Felix de Tornado, and he has a confidential servant, bright Cadrillo. Felix wagers with Bobadillo that he will wed Carina in spite of him. Straightway Cadrillo turns up disguised as the Cuban bridegroom elect. He brings along a big treasure chest supposed to be full of untold gold—instead of which, of course, it holds Don Felix, and the act ends brightly and briskly. But when the curtain rises again nothing comes of the business thus initiated except some tedious fooling with the box, and finally, after Felix has disguised himself as a priest and married himself to Carina, the General says "Bless you my children!" and all is over.

Camille d'Arville looked lovely as Carina and sang sweetly. Durward Lely (late of the Savoy) played the lover. He has a thin but not wholly unpleasant head-voice and somewhat overstates his own personal attractions. Also he has a moustache, of which he is excessively proud. Of course he couldn't sacrifice it to the part, so he covered it with some sort of powder-paste which gave him the air of an imitation Adonis with erysipelas. E. D. Ward, a clever light comedian and excellent burlesque actor, was picturesque as Cadrillo, but he had no opportunity of following the bent of his humor, which is really humorous. Similarly C. Collette, a tolerable low comedian, bored us as an Irish servant. Joseph ne Findlay was good as a pert sousbroute, and G. H. Sazelle conventional as the baritone General.

Pinero's new play, The Weaker Sex, was produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, last Friday, and proved to be far inferior to that clever young playwright's general method. The story is of a kind that we have hitherto been accustomed to find only in French plays, such as Serge Panine, etc., for it shows how a certain marion of title had, eighteen years before the play commenced, loved a young man named Philip Lester. When the play begins you find that she still loves him, although she has in the interim been wife, mother and widow. To down all thoughts of this quenchless love she has joined a Woman's Rights association. But presently Philip, disguised in a false name (perhaps because he has descended to poetry), turns up. The widow (her name, by the way, is Lady Vivash) chortles in her joy, and, dropping on Philip, tells of her quenchless love, and pleads for a return of his old love of eighteen years ago. But he has made other arrangements—in point of fact, he has fallen madly in love with his former flame's daughter. Here's a how d'ye do! Likewise a kettle of fish, and a nasty kettle at that. However, at the end, Lady V. suddenly quenches her old passion and marries a good-natured busybody, leaving the now middle-aged Philip to marry the seventeen-year-old maiden. *Pooh! Pinero!* Also psaw! and go to!

That creepy but clever drama, The Monk's Room, went into an evening bill for the first time in its career on Tuesday. This was at the Globe, which has been taken for the occasion by Mr. John Lart, the author of the play. The chief change in the cast, since I last alluded to the piece, is the substitution of E. S. Willard, as the wife stabbing Sir Darrell Erne, in place of its two previous representatives, Felix Pitt and Charles Harrington.

Some on this side are anxious to know what has become of Charles Osborne's comedy, Yesterday's Lie, which Dr. Mallory took to New York with him more than a year ago. Perhaps the Doctor will communicate—Augustus Harris has persuaded with a large golden persuader Freeman Thomas not to do a pantomime at Covent Garden this year. Harris may therefore take the Armada to Covent Garden from Drury Lane during the run of the pantomime at the latter house—Henry Irving has been speaking at Edinburgh this week in defence of the drama. He seems to have been moved to this by what he calls a ribald article by George Moore called "Mummer-Worship." George Moore is a self-sufficient writer of nasty and generally uninteresting books, and surprise is generally expressed at Irving condescending to take any notice of him. This notion is shared by GAWAIN.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK - - OCTOBER 20, 1888.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation.

Richard II.

* * The New York Mirror has the Largest
Dramatic Circulation in America.

Special Announcement.

Christmas comes but once a year. So does the Christmas Number of THE MIRROR. Both are pleasantly anticipated and heartily welcomed.

It may seem a little odd to be talking about our holiday number when Autumn is scarcely more than half over, but writers and editors and artists and engravers and lithographers and printers and paper-makers and all others concerned in getting out the great theatrical Christmas annual have been already at work on it for several weeks with the avowed purpose of eclipsing previous achievements, or, as the rhetorical manager would probably put it, lowering the proud record of past years.

It is going to be a sumptuous number—a sparkling, brilliant, variegated, gilded number. Its contents will entrance the eyes, gladden the hearts and appeal to the intellects of all who read it—which is a brief way of designating everybody connected with, or interested in the stage, besides the thousands of other people who will buy and prize it because it is the best Christmas publication on the news-stands.

We issued a handsome number last year. The principal newspapers of the country said it was the most pronounced hit in THE MIRROR'S career. And so it was. But we have planned to make the Christmas MIRROR for 1888 as far superior to last season's as that was to all which went before. This would be a difficult task for almost any journal to undertake, but THE MIRROR is quite able to distance itself as it has been to distance every slow theatrical coach that attempted to run on its road.

How this great eclipse is to be accomplished we don't mind telling our readers, who will doubtless esteem our consideration in letting them into the secret thus early.

Well, in the first place, the thirty-four or more pages will fairly glitter and coruscate with the products of the most numerous and distinguished body of contributors it has ever been our good fortune to marshal forth on such an occasion. There will be a bewildering variety of stories, sketches, verses, reminiscences, etc., written by actors, actresses, critics, dramatists, novelists, and poets, many of whose names are household words.

It will have a charming lithographed cover, which will delight the fancy of everybody who appreciates something graceful, piquante and dainty in chromatic art. It will contain cartoons by the cleverest cartoonists; portraits of celebrated people, humorous sketches by artists who know how to become; special illustrations, and a profusion of ornamental embellishments. It will be typographically perfect. The paper used will be of finest texture and finish and specially manufactured for this edition.

But as if this wealth of attractions were not enough to make the paper worth more than its price—twenty-five cents a

copy—we will also present to every purchaser a superb supplement, the most expensive, we believe, that has ever been given away with a holiday publication.

This supplement is a most artistic reproduction, in fourteen colors, of a famous theatrical painting, recently exhibited in the Paris Salon. The copy is made with the express permission of the painter and under his personal supervision, directly from the original.

This brief summary of the leading features of the number, supplemented by the fact that it will be for sale bright and early on Saturday, Dec. 1, explains our reason for announcing it thus early. Furthermore, as we do not wish any advertiser to miss the chance of benefitting by this magnificent and widely circulated issue, we give all fair notice that the advertising pages will close on Saturday, Nov. 17, and copy must be in hand by that date.

The advertising rates for this number will be just the same as ever—no increase taking place. Following are the terms, from which, it is almost needless to say, there will be no deviation whatever:

One Page - - - - - \$14.00
Half Page - - - - - 75.00
Quarter Page - - - - - 40.00
Smaller Advertisements,

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Reading Notices (marked "Com."),

30c. per Agate line

The sooner advertising copy is received the better will be the positions allotted—or rather, the better we can please our patrons. As a matter of fact all the pages in the body of the paper are equally valuable and desirable.

Remember—advertisements cannot be guaranteed insertion at all if they are not sent to us before Nov. 17. That date is only four weeks distant. Lose no time.

Survival of the Unfittest.

Civilization, we are told, moves not equably but by pulsations. The ocean tides, we know, mount none the less surely that not all their waves successively touch a higher mark. Moreover, of the different elements which go to the composition of modern progress, some palpably far outstrip the others; some seem to falter, to diverge, or almost to recede.

Especially is this true of art, where certain forms have ripened while others had hardly germinated. Sculpture, if we are to believe the critics, had its flood-tide on the Athenian Acropolis, with Phidias and Praxiteles, while the dramatic wave was swelling nobly round the theatre at its foot, in the stately measures of Æschylus and Sophocles. Then the flood receded, in one long secular ebb, and it was not till nearly two thousand years later that the great tidal wave swept over London, bearing on its crest such bold swimmers as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. How long it may be to the next volcanic upheaval no human soul can predict, while we paddle about in the trough of the sea with Messrs. Albery, Pinero, Rosenfeld and Hoyt.

But an almost equally cheerless feature of the subject is that low tide in æsthetic knowledge and appreciation which alternately results from, while it explains, the existence of great dramas and dramatists.

In most regards we are perceptibly—in many immensely—ahead of our ancestors. The "swells" of Elizabeth's court who made up the first-nighters of Macbeth and Lear, still sat on rushes on the floor, used stamped seals rather than sign their names, and besmeared themselves with unguents instead of resorting to the harmless, necessary bathroom.

Political freedom, social equality, modern science and personal refinement—all have practically taken rise since that day. Yet in this free, educated, well-policed and refined age—an age of circulating libraries, and telephones and lightning trains, of Sunday schools, and missions, and magazines, and bathrooms—we seem to have stuck at much the same rudimentary point as our ruder predecessors of centuries past.

Anyone who doubts this has only to cast a glance over the dramatic field today, and calmly examine the popularity of the entertainments which nightly crowd the houses in this, our great Western metropolis. It needs but a course of burnt-cork and burlesque, of Corsairs and Tin Soldiers and Brass Monkeys, to convince the thoughtful observer that the present level of public taste is immeasurably below that of public intelligence, order and morality.

To see a whole audience, not of toughs and newsboys, but of well-dressed, well-

mannered people, evidently good citizens, good fathers and mothers, faithful, enlightened workers in business, charity and social reform—to see such an audience writhing in the agonies of convulsive delight over the dislocated contortions and stupid horse-play of a clog-dancer or stage buffoon, the stale and vulgar "gags" of the smoking-room and the corner grocery, suggests deep and pregnant reflection. This is the kind of thing, it will be remembered, which fills the manager's pockets, while Booth's noble temple of art turns to dry-goods, and the loftiest dramatic enterprise winds up with a deficit. Very sadly will the thoughtful observer repeat with Charles Sprague:

God! who would grace you desecrated dome,
When he may turn his Shakespeare o'er at home!

That these things—or a greater part of them—make no direct and evident attack on public morals, in the more limited sense, may be granted. That they do, in a subtle and insidious way, undermine all that finer feeling, nobler aim and healthy appreciation on which character, in the last analysis, is based, seems to us incontestable. As a man laughs and enjoys, so shall he be; his taste and his morals always, in some unobvious way, go hand in hand, and the silly is always the bad. Burke was not all wrong when he declared that vice lost half its evil in losing all its grossness. Perhaps in a finer analysis it may appear that grossness is *per se* necessarily vicious.

We had hoped to offer some hints towards a philosophic reconciliation of these glaring facts, and a further discussion of their hurtful features, but the subject is too weighty for our present limits, and we must reserve the right to return to it at more convenient season.

First Honor the Great.

We can perceive no good and sufficient reason why an appeal should be made for funds to erect a statue in this city to the memory of Lester Wallack; nor do we see on what reasonable grounds the public and profession should be expected to respond to the call that has been made for subscriptions for this object.

Without wishing to underestimate either the celebrity or the personal popularity of the lamented actor-manager, we must candidly say that neither his record for histrionic achievement nor his services to dramatic art were of such conspicuous note and enduring value that this remarkable and unusual means should be selected for their perpetuation.

Mr. Wallack was an actor of graceful accomplishments and limited range of expression. He left no deep and lasting impression by his personations, which were agreeable and ephemeral. He filled a large niche in his own theatre, but compared with the really great actors who lived and triumphed on the national stage during his long and active career, he was a player of the minor mould.

As a manager he was for many years peculiarly successful in presenting point-lace comedies and "society" plays. Powdered wigs and brocades ruled his stage, which never echoed to the tread of the classic buskin or resounded with the lofty eloquence of the Roman forum. It is no disparagement to Mr. Wallack's field of operations to point out that it lay in the verdant valleys of art, not on the tragic heights and sky-piercing peaks of the drama's noblest intellectual aspirations.

When a statue to Mr. Wallack is seriously considered it is proper and pertinent thus to survey his work impartially and judiciously in order that its real character and worth may be fixed beyond cavil or dispute.

Such a monument should not merely commemorate the friends' esteem for the man, or the public's loss of a popular favorite. It should be a spontaneous tribute to the great; it should tell a story of brilliant victory and magnificent conquest. The disparity of the means and the man in this case would embody a satire, which posterity could not fail to remark.

It would be better, by the way, to leave the adjudication of an actor's fame and the carving of marble and casting of brass to memorialize it with posterity, which is always able to look at history and historical personages with clear and unprejudiced eyes.

The erection of statues to actors is such a significant departure that the greatest care should be exercised in the bestowal of the first such honor.

There is no reason why great players should not receive this distinction as well as great statesmen and philanthropists. There would be an admirable fitness in the employment of sculpture to permanently glorify the kindred art of histrionism.

The lineaments of but one actor appear

among all the stone and metal presentments of great men that adorn the squares and pleasure-grounds of our city. But the statue of Shakespeare in the Central Park was designed to typify the poet rather than the player. THE MIRROR would welcome and assist any project to set up a monument to any dead actor of the first rank, identified with the American stage, but it cannot approve of a statue to Mr. Wallack at this time, any more than to Mr. Wallack's father, or William E. Burton, or many another noted man whose claims to distinction rest on foundations indisputably as sound as do Mr. Wallack's.

By all means let us have statues to the superb actors whose fame and names alone are left us now. But don't let us begin with Mr. Wallack.

Let us select the giants of the stage, not the pigmies.

There would be ample justification for statues to Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, those titans of our dramatic history. Posterity would applaud and honor the spirit of a generation which immortalized those massive actors in massive bronze. An appeal for subscriptions to such an end would meet with a universal response. The movement would not be municipal—it would be national; for every person young or old, rich or poor, who is capable of experiencing any glow of pride in the development of the American stage would esteem it a precious privilege to contribute to such a noble conference of deserved honor, such a splendid expression of patriotic feeling.

When statues of Forrest and Cushman are placed under the arching elms of the Mall, where those of the great poets of foreign lands already stand in

—Forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion,

and when the elder Booth, Davenport, and others of most deserving rank have likewise been similarly honored it will then be time enough to begin talking about a statue of Mr. Wallack.

The Christmas Number of THE MIRROR will be published on Saturday, Dec. 1. Price, 25 cents. Advertisements received until Nov. 17.

Personal.

STUART.—Clinton Stuart will shortly produce a play at a matinee in the Madison Square.

VOKES.—Rosina Vokes will play an extended engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in April next.

CONE.—Margaret Cone, Kate Claxton's sister, is expected to return from England early in December.

EDDY.—Jerome H. Eddy goes to Boston on Nov. 1 on business connected with his newspaper syndicate.

COQUELIN.—M. Coquelin and Brander Matthews will attend Harrigan's Park Theatre Saturday afternoon.

CHAPMAN.—Dixie Chapman has left the Conried Opera company, in which she had been contralto understudy.

SMITH.—Mrs. Sol Smith is reported to have left Richard Mansfield's company and to be on her way back to America.

SOTHERN.—Mrs. Langtry gave a dinner party in honor of E. H. Sothern at Delmonico's on last Thursday night.

THOMPSON.—On Monday next Alfred Thompson will sail for Europe by the North German Lloyd for a six weeks' trip.

CAMPBELL.—Henry Campbell, otherwise Enrico Campobello, the baritone singer, was married in San Francisco the other day to Grace Porter.

GRANVILLE.—Evelyn Granville will sail for Paris on La Bretagne next Saturday, to meet her fiancé, the Marquis de Simon. The honeymoon will be spent in London.

FOSTER.—Mrs. Augusta Foster is highly commended for the effective work she did as the Duchess in The Fool's Revenge, in support of Creston Clarke in Philadelphia last week.

KELLER.—John E. Keller has accepted a brief engagement to support Joseph Jefferson. He has lately had offers to appear in Mr. Barnes of New York and Held by the Enemy at Palmer's.

ROSENFELD.—Sydney Rosenfeld is completing his new comedy for Manager J. M. Hill, entitled A Dear Delusion, and is also at work on a new opera for Col. McCaull's Opera company.

DI MURSKA.—Ilma di Murska, the prima donna, is said to be living in straitened circumstances in Washington Square in this city. An effort is to be made by her friends to raise sufficient funds for her return to her native country, Hungary.

DIMPFEL.—Mrs. O'Sullivan Dimpfel resigned from The Paymaster while that organization was playing in Jersey City last week on account of the refusal of the management to allow her husband behind the scenes.

SOTHERN.—On our title-page we present an excellent portrait of E. H. Sothern, the most successful actor of his age before the public. Mr. Sothern's prominence has been achieved by artistic and legitimate means. He is as agreeable a personage socially as he is professionally, which is a doubly emphatic proof for his great popularity.

FULLER.—Although Lole Fuller has tendered her resignation from the Arabian Nights company, she will continue with the organization until the management have succeeded in procuring a desirable successor.

FLORENCE.—W. J. Florence was presented in Altoona, Pa., last week, by his friends with a large floral offering representing the emblem of the Mystic Shrine. Mr. Florence is the Father of the Mystic Shrine in this country.

FRENCH.—T. Henry French and his father, Samuel French, will accompany James D. Carson, the Chicago manager, to Chicago and the West to-morrow (Friday). They are interested in several attractions that will be placed there.

ROBERTS.—Elizabeth Roberts has been engaged to play the part enacted by Isabel Eveson at the Grand Opera House next week. If the piece should meet with favor there Mr. Aldrich may decide to fill the time now being held for him out of town.

LEWIS.—The Lillian Lewis company appeared last week in Huntsville, Ala. The statement is gravely made that "Miss Lewis gave orders that the underclothing of all the members of her company should be washed in gasoline as a yellow fever preventive."

COQUELIN.—M. Coquelin is being lionized. On Saturday night after the performance he was given a supper at Delmonico's by Augustin Daly; on Sunday night the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie welcomed him at their club, where dinner was served, and on Saturday next he will be given a supper at the Lotus.

DU FLON.—Constance Du Flon died suddenly in London last Saturday of chlorosis. She was the sister of Edward Warren, the comedian, and was connected with the profession herself a few seasons ago. Miss Du Flon's tastes were decidedly theatrical, and she enjoyed a wide acquaintance among professionals here and abroad. She belonged to an excellent family.

THOMPSON.—Denman Thompson was given a genuine surprise on last Monday—his fifty-fifth birthday. When he entered his dressing-room in the evening he found an immense carved oak and silver frame, in the centre of which was his own portrait, surrounded by those of the twenty-seven members of his company. A card attached bore these words: "We all wish you many happy returns of the day."

The Bijou and Musical Comedy.

Manager J. W. Rosenquest is elated at the success the Bijou is achieving under his management. He has christened it the Bijou Theatre instead of the Bijou Opera House.

"The policy I have inaugurated of playing musical comedies and other light attractions seems to meet with popular approval," said Mr. Rosenquest to a reporter. "I think the Bijou, of all theatres in the city, is just the house that ought to be devoted to musical comedy and similar pieces."

"It is my design to make it the home of light, airy entertainments of the class I have mentioned, and I intend to establish a clientele for this house, and, having secured it, I shall keep it. I want to make the house one where people can rest assured that whenever they visit it they will witness an entertaining performance and enjoy a hearty laugh."

"We are doing an excellent business now with A Brass Monkey. On Monday evening the house was packed and we turned away between \$300 and \$400. Of course, there was some paper in the house, but it was almost exclusively issued to the press. There is also a big sale of seats for the entire week. A Brass Monkey plays here until Nov. 24, when there are two weeks yet unfilled. Herrmann, the magician, will appear Dec. 10, his engagement closing Dec. 20. The Pearl of Pekin, Natural Gas, Zig-Zag and similar attractions are booked early next year."

Actors' Fund Notes.

Dr. A. U. Williams, the Fund's physician at Hot Springs, Arkansas, is spending a few weeks in the city. The bust of E. L. Davenport, which was presented to the Fund by Fanny Davenport last week, has elicited admiration from the visitors to the rooms. Drs. Charles E. Osborn and A. Sturmdorf, both of New York, have volunteered their services to the Fund. The matter will be considered by the trustees at their next monthly meeting on Nov. 8. There is to be published shortly in one of the leading magazines an exhaustive article on the Fund and its work. Artistic illustrations are promised, and the paper will doubtless prove of great interest. Two thousand two hundred and forty-four professionals visited the reading rooms during the week ending Oct. 13.

Letter to the Editor.

PLAYWRIGHT MATTHEWS' VIEWS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—I have read closely THE MIRROR'S editorial in this week's number on the contribution of the Dramatic Fund and the Actors' Fund. You have clutched the matter with the grip of fact and logic, which deprives the protestants of whatever (if any) life they had left.

The Dramatic Fund is clearly shown to be either an institution for the betterment of professionals, the functions of which it is now incapable of exercising, or a self-perpetuating machine, inuring to the benefit of trustees and survivors. The absorption of its contingent fund, previously on hand, naturally falls to an organization which is capable and willing to fulfill the duty (help to actors) which the old concern has ceased and is unable to perform.

The climax at which the Dramatic Fund has arrived cannot fail to suggest to Shakespeareans a message in The Winter's Tale, which is perhaps worthy copying here.

AUTOLOGUS (the voice) is overheard on the highway by a clown to whom he says—I am a bold, sir, and by a (to): my nose is and apparel taken from me, and these desirable things put on me.

CL.—Woe-La and me thy hand, I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand.

AUT.—O, good sir, tenderly, O!

CLOWN.—Alas, poor soul!

AUT.—I, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out.

CL.—Woe-La and me thy hand, I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand.

AUT.—Picking his pocket—Softly, dear sir, go'd sir, softly, you ha' over me a charitable eye.

Yours truly, CORNELIUS MATTHEWS.

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The important intelligence that Messrs. Lorillard, Burnham, Griswold & Co., have sent a complaint to the trustees settling forth that an actor has been objectionably a frequenter of the Casino at Tuxedo, and that if the annoyance is continued they must needs withdraw from that ultra-fashionable spot altogether, has stirred the residents into a ferment. The actor referred to is Kyrie Bellew, who was recently the guest of James Brown Potter. Such a piece of arrant snobbery is fortunately rarely brought to public notice. Mr. Bellew is a gentleman; there was no specific complaint preferred respecting his conduct. Mr. Lorillard and his companion cads simply objected to him on the ground that he was connected with the stage. If an accomplished and intellectual player is not the equal, not to say the superior, of horse-racing millionaires, card-playing clubmen, and the various other members of the Tuxedo set, then a Thespian is no better than a to-baconist.

Coquelin's choice of theatres to visit shows an intention of examining that which is purely indigenous in our amusements. After doing the minstrels—and liking them—he is going to see Edward Harrigan's artistic development of local life next Saturday afternoon.

It would be an excellent thing for the rest of our managers to imitate Mr. Hanley's example and put their ushers in livery. It is difficult to distinguish a visitor from an usher nowadays, so immensely elegant is the latter in his manner and attire.

The Herald is developing paresis in its always erratic dramatic department. On Tuesday morning an omnipresent "I" made its appearance in the unsigned theatre notices. In some the personal pronoun seemed to indicate a He and in others a She. But whatever the gender the ubiquitous personage was equally silly and puerilely flippant. If the Herald's "I" is not a joke, somebody ought to apply for a commission in lunacy to investigate its dramatic department. This latest symptom is truly alarming.

The tide of politics steadily rises toward the November high-water mark, but metropolitan theatricals bob up serenely just the same. Election day may be only a little more than two weeks distant; political organizations may bustle their bustles; the factions may fight, the newspapers scream, the streets flare with torchlight parades, and all the various phenomena of a hot campaign may disturb the ordinary currents of city life, but the swirl of the dramatic whirlpool quickens to the emergency and draws the crowd within its circle in despite of the big counter-diversion. Of what account are Presidential candidates? Have we not the artistic drollery of Coquelin and the subtle charm of Hading? What of feuds and splits? We have a more picturesque and absorbing conflict in the new play at the Broadway. What do we care for prohibition, when dullness and care are prohibited at any number of our most popular play-houses? Free trade is all very well, but isn't free fun better? All that the most exacting and critical protectionist can ask is a big tax on the classic products of Mr. Charles Hoyt.

Mr. Kidder's Poor Relation.

E. E. Kidder appears to be delighted with the reception of his latest piece, The Poor Relation, which was produced by Sol Smith Russell in Columbus, Ohio, the other night. "There were no friends in the house," he said to a MIRROR reporter. "It was all solid money, and consequently the verdict was sound and unmistakable. The paying audience, too, does not laugh and applaud without reason. Sol Smith Russell is delighted. He was called before the curtain, and then he pulled me out after him, saying, 'This is the guilty party.' Since then Mr. Russell has been sending telegrams all over, for he is fairly wild with delight over the success. "In spite of the trial night falling on a Tuesday the piece went, and I only stayed in the city twenty-four hours after the production, which shows you there were no alterations to be made. Even the orchestra agreed the piece was good, and when a piece pleases the musicians it is sure to be a winner."

Young Clarke's Prospects.

Creston Clarke opens in Richmond next Monday night, after a fortnight's intermission in his tour. He has already gone down to that historic theatrical stamping-ground to prepare for the occasion; and he is the guest there of the Governor of the State.

Manager Myers started down after his star on Tuesday. He says the tour mapped out is an extremely good one. Before the company returns East in the Spring the South will be visited, and the West and Northwest. Time is being held at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, beginning with Easter Monday.

"Mr. Clarke's surroundings are all that could be wished," observed Mr. Myers. "He has an excellent company, complete costumes and accessories, and the company couldn't be better suited to the work required if I had made them to order. The prospect is that Mr. Clarke will maintain the position which he has ambitiously assumed at the start."

Mr. Myers further states, in defense of the charge that he was "circussing" his attraction, that public attention had to be attracted in one way or another. He had adopted tactics for a purpose in Philadelphia, which he will drop hereafter.

Clinton Stuart's New Play.

Clinton Stuart has decided to present his new four-act comedy, which will probably be called Beauty Abroad, at a matinee at the Madison Square Theatre on next Thursday afternoon.

"Rehearsals were begun last week," he said to a MIRROR reporter, "and I am giving the play as much attention and shall produce it as carefully as though it were to be presented for a run. I have been working on it for more than a year, and this is the only chance I have of introducing it to the New York public. The piece is original from first to last, and I am curious to observe what meed of public approval will be accorded to it. I read the play to the company on Wednesday last, and the verdict then was most favorable."

"The heroine of the play, which will be in the capable hands of Isabelle Evesson, is an American woman abroad, in more senses than one, in foreign society. The type of character is that of Miss Chamberlain, the Cleveland beauty, and the scene of action is laid at Aix-les-Bains, the ultra-fashionable French watering place, where I have been for three years past. Some of the fifteen characters introduced are American—six of them New Yorkers—but the remainder are the cosmopolites that gather at these places, and a very capable cast is therefore necessary."

Mr. Harris' Luck.

William Harris, of the Howard Athenæum Specialty company, arrived here on Tuesday. His face was wreathed in smiles and his eyes sparkled with pleasure as he accosted a MIRROR representative.

"I have a great piece of news for you," he said. "We opened last night at the Central Theatre, Philadelphia, to the largest receipts ever played to by any specialty company in the world, excepting, of course, benefits or special performances. Our receipts were \$1,257.20. I am willing to make my affidavit to this."

"It was something wonderful. Why we turned away enough people who wanted to go in on the lower floor—the \$1 seats—to fill the house over again. Those people, you know, who come at eight o'clock to a vaudeville entertainment. And the upper boxes—those that are built way up on the gallery mere y for ornamentation, and probably never held more than five or six people—well, sir, we sold eighteen seats in one of those boxes at \$1 apiece to people who were mighty glad to get in even there."

In the Courts.

THE MATHER CASE.

AS THE MIRROR goes to press the suit of Manager James M. Hill against Margaret Mather for permanent injunction to restrain her from playing under the management of Gilmore and Tompkins, or any other managers than himself, is brought to trial in the Special Term of the Supreme Court before Judge Andrews. The result of this case will determine the future of the actress. She was present in court. E. G. Gilmore was also present. Manager Hill was on hand with a large number of books to show the condition of the Margaret Mather company from the time it was organized until she left it last Spring. He sets up the fact that the actress renewed her old contract with him a year ago last June for a period of six more years under his control. Trouble began when her husband took charge of the finances of the company. Finally she broke her contract with Mr. Hill and entered into a new one with Gilmore and Tompkins. Manager Hill claims that he is entitled to an injunction to restrain her until 1893 from appearing or performing under any other managers. He made contracts with the managers of theatre throughout the country for her appearance this season, and if he is not permitted to carry out these contracts he will sustain irreparable damages. Miss Mather contends that Mr. Hill did not fulfill his part of the contract, and neglected to make a proper accounting to her in accordance with the provisions of his contract.

The manager is represented upon the trial by George H. Foster, and the legal interests of Miss Mather are protected by Gen. H. C. King, ex-Judge Dittenhoefer and Lawyer Clement. Mr. Hill was the first witness examined. The trial will occupy several days.

THE MARSDEN WILL CASE.

The first hearing in the contest over the will of Fred Marsden was had on Monday before Porte V. Ransom, the referee appointed by the court. Blanche Marsden wants the will and codicil of her father rejected, because he disinherited her, upon the assertion that he was not mentally capable of making a will or codicil at the time he executed those papers, and because, she avers, they were procured by undue influence.

The witnesses to the will and codicil were examined. They testified that Mr. Marsden was in perfectly sound mind at the time and fully understood what he was doing, and that both papers were properly signed and executed. The next hearing will be had the latter part of the month.

THE THALIA THEATRE CASE.

Ex Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer began proceedings in the Second District Court to dispossess Managers Gustave Amberg and H. R. Jacobs. It is claimed that Amberg violated the provisions of his lease by executing a sub-lease to Jacobs. The case came up before Judge

Clancy on Tuesday morning, but the managers produced an order from Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court, which temporarily stopped the proceedings and restrained the trial, which had to be postponed indefinitely.

FRANK M. CLARK'S PROPERTY ATTACHED. Lewis M. Bayless has brought an action in the Supreme Court of this county to recover \$1,653.33, a balance due him by Frank M. Clark and John A. Ryman, theatrical managers of Australia, for moneys loaned them in 1892. Judge O'Brien granted an attachment against Frank M. Clark's property in this State.

Obituary.

Garrett F. Kelly, business manager of the Leland Opera House at Albany and the half-brother of Rosa M. Leland, died at noon on Thursday last in that city. He had been taken ill with malarial fever three weeks previous. This developed into malignant typhoid-malaria, from which death resulted. The funeral services were held at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany, on Saturday, and the interment was at St. Agnes Cemetery. The obsequies were attended by a large concourse of people, and a great number of floral tributes from friends and the organizations of which the deceased was a member attested the affectionate regard in which he was held by his fellow citizens. Mr. Kelly was thirty years of age. He was of robust frame and buoyant nature. His kindness and boyish frankness of disposition made him exceedingly popular with all who were brought in contact with him socially or in business. Mr. Kelly represented Mrs. Leland in the management of the house, and she has lost by his death not only a relative for whom she cherished the deepest affection but also a valuable lieutenant.

Manager Field's Prosperity.

R. M. Field, manager of the Boston Museum—and since the death of Lester Wallack, the oldest manager of a stock theatre in the United States—arrived in the city Monday. He reports his season, so far, to be wonderfully successful. It opened with a revival of The Bells of Haverlemer, and Little Lord Fauntleroy is now doing a big business there. "We have an advance sale now," said Mr. Field to a MIRROR reporter, "of fully \$5,000 straight along for two weeks ahead, and we could continue with the piece to crowded houses if it did not have to be taken off. One of the reasons for withdrawal is that the children have to come here to play in the piece at the Broadway, and the other is that I am under contract to produce Bronson Howard's military comedy-drama dealing with episodes of the Civil War. It will be produced on Nov. 19. That will be followed by Sweet Lavender, and the chances are nothing else will be needed this season."

Gossip of the Town.



Above are pictured the pretty features of Della Shirley, one of the bright, particular stars of Palmon's Star Stock company. This young actress has made quite a name for herself since her entrance in the profession. She did excellent work as leading lady of the Louise Pomeroy company last season.

James Barrows has been engaged by Daniel Frohman.

W. A. McConnell will go in advance of Estelle Clayton's company.

Lord Chumley will be played throughout the West and will visit California.

T. H. Winnet has gone West for a couple of weeks, combining business with pleasure.

A Legal Wreck played to over \$1,000 on last Saturday night at the Madison Square Theatre.

The Eastern Held by the Enemy company will open its season Nov. 12 at Orange, N. J.

Edwin Thorne will probably open his season in The Right Man on Nov. 5 in the vicinity of this city.

John A. Stevens denies the report that he has sold his play, A Narrow Escape, to John A. Mackey.

A Legal Wreck will make a tour of the country with the Madison Square Theatre cast as it now stands.

Laura Claron leaves the Passion's Slave company at the close of this week. She will then be at liberty.

Frank L. Yerrance has engaged T. F. Griffith, D. R. Paige and Little Mabel Paige for the Rye Lisle company.

Rene Perselle has been engaged to support W. M. Farnum in The Huntsman, with which he will shortly go out.

A Dark Secret returns to New York on March 13 and will be presented at Niblo's Garden for two weeks.

Miv Robson is to be loaned by the Lyceum Theatre company to play the role of the hag in She for a season of ten weeks.

Nestor Lennon will play Guroc instead of General Delaroché in Paul Kuyar, owing to many changes in the company.

The Country Fair, with Neil Burgess as the star will open F. F. Proctor's new Twenty-third Street Theatre on Nov. 26.

The benefit to the New York Base Ball Club at the Star Theatre on last Sunday night netted the sum of \$3,027 for that organization.

Both the Lyceum Theatre and Palmer's company are playing the last two weeks of their season under Al. Hayman's direction.

William Gillette will deliver an "Address to Children" at John P. Smith's benefit at the Star Theatre to-morrow (Friday) afternoon.

Before playing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre the big She company will be seen at the Novelty Theatre, Williamsburg, on Nov. 5.

David Belasco will devote two weeks of his time in devising innovations for the production of She at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Minnie Dupree arrives from Atchison, Kan., on next Sunday night to appear in the big production of Held by the Enemy at Palmer's on Oct. 29.

Jack S. Sanford, business manager for Lavinia Shannon, whose season opens on Nov. 10 in Louisville, reports bright prospects for a good season.

William Harris, of the Howard Athenæum company, arrived in this city from Boston on Tuesday. Isaac B. Rich left for the Hub on Friday last.

Klaw and Erlanger have nearly completed the route of Zig-Zag for this and next season. For next season the stands are almost all of a week's duration.

Fred F. Platts, the general agent of the Postage Stamp, was in the city last week, and reports that the company is doing satisfactory business on the road.

William Seymour, formerly of the Boston Museum, will play the part of the old negro in the production of Held by the Enemy at Palmer's on Oct. 29.

Mr. Barnes of New York is playing to big business at the Broadway, and the advance sale is very large. Two large theatre parties are to see it to-night.

The receipts of the Booth and Barrett engagement during its three weeks at the Chicago Opera House were \$62,131.50, the last week's receipts having been over \$21,000.

The management state that Effie Ellsler's play, Lady Margaret, which was produced last week in Washington, proved successful, and it will become a part of her repertoire.

Charles E. Verner sings his own songs, "Come to Me, Mary" and "My Pretty Colleen" and E. J. White's "Mary Mavourneen," very successfully in Shamus O'Brien.

Mme. Cottrell began a star engagement of twelve Sunday night performances at the Baldwin, San Francisco, on the 14th inst. in Die Naeherin, and scored quite a success.

A benefit performance for the yellow fever fund was given at the Academy of Music, Jersey City, last Wednesday afternoon by The Paymaster company, which netted \$422.30.

Ethel Greybrooke (Mrs. Henry Holland) has been engaged by Estelle Clayton for one of the leading roles in A Sad Coquette, to be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre to-night.

Robert Mantell opened his engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, Chicago, last Sunday night to \$1,175. He will essay the dual role of The Corsican Brothers in a spectacular production of that play on the second week of his engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the latter part of November.

Claire Scott closed her season last Saturday night, believing it would be more profitable to remain idle than play against the political diversion. Unless Miss Scott secures a position as leading lady of some company, she will probably resume her tour after the elections.

Laura Clements, who appeared in London as She, accompanied by Gerald Coventry, the stage manager of the She company, arrived here on Sunday last by the Ethiopea. Manager Coventry at once took charge of the rehearsals of the chorus. He states that the London production of She was beneath criticism, and claims that two of the scenes were stolen from the Gillette version, though the English stage managers did not know how to handle them.

Margaret Mather, who is rehearsing with her company at Niblo's Garden, will open at Yonkers on the 25th inst. Added to her repertoire of Romeo and Juliet and Leah will be The Squire, which has already been seen in this city. She is also having a play adapted from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," that will, it is said, be given an elaborate production in the Spring. Her company, which is now complete, includes J. B. Studley, Charles Hagar, H. A. Weaver, Sr., J. C. Padgett, Dan McGuinniss, Mrs. L. M. Berrell, Marjorie Bonner, J. N. Long and Virginia Marlowe.

Estelle Hubbard, a church soprano of considerable promise, made her first appearance as a concert singer at Chickering Hall last Thursday evening. Miss Hubbard possesses a voice of great range and unusual sweetness. She sang selections from Così Fun Tutte and I Lombardi, and as an encore to her solo "Du bist Mein Alle," rendered Tosti's "It Came with the Merry May" in a delightfully artistic manner. Miss Hubbard was also heard to advantage at the consecration services at St. Mary's Episcopal Church at Tuxedo Park last Sunday.

The annual performance of the New York Telegraph Operators, under the direction of M. J. Dixon, took place at the Turn Hall Theatre on Monday evening, when the romantic drama of Kathleen was presented before a large house. Lena Knodell as Kathleen bore the honors of the evening, while Clara Forrester, Margaret Flynn, Emily Millard, Thomas McCarthy, Jr., William J. Barnum and Tom Ballantine deserve special mention. Miss Adair and Mr. Wilson were clever in special acts. The costumes were new and bright, and the performance a creditable one in every respect.

Following is the programme for the testimonial performance to John P. Smith to be given at the Star Theatre to-morrow (Friday) afternoon: E. H. Sothern and the Lyceum Theatre company in The Highest Bidder; Harry Kernell; Old Love Letters, with Agnes Booth and Joseph Whiting; selections from A Brass Monkey, by Charlie Reed; J. B. Radcliffe, of the Lydia Thompson company; Louis Aldrich; Maude Harrison and company in A Happy Pair; A Minor Griswold; W. H. Gillette; selections from Z'Zag; Marie Williams, of the Lydia Thompson company; Frank Bush and George Melville.

Broth and Barrett have cancelled their dates in Memphis and Nashville and return directly to this city at the close of their engagement next week in St. Louis. The two weeks thus obtained will be devoted to superintending

their preparations for the elaborate and costly productions of Othello and The Merchant of Venice to be given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The scenery, costumes and accessories have been in preparation for several months and Mr. Barrett promises a notable revival of these plays, which will be given on alternate nights during their eight weeks' engagement, opening with Othello on Nov. 19. Over one hundred auxiliaries will be employed, as well as a double quintette of selected singers.

Managerial Chuckles.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 15.—The Journalists' Club benefit with the Carleton Opera company at Harris' Academy of Music to-night netted \$1,556.

S. H. FRIEDLANDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 15.—Drifting Apart tested the capacity of the Arch Street Theatre last night, and standing room was at a premium. Katherine and James A. Herne made a big hit. It is the best play seen here this season.

JOHN J. HOLMES.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 15.—The Grand Opera House displayed the standing room only sign at 7:30. Hellen and Hart in Later On the attraction.

H. GREENWALL.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 15.—Sol Smith Russell's new play, A Poor Relation, by E. E. Kidder, made an immense hit at the Grand to-night. Hundreds were unable to get seats. Mr. Russell received curtain calls at the end of each act, and made a speech in which he said his career would date from this night. Manager Berger has a fortune in A Poor Relation.

LOYD BROWN.

CASINO. Broadway and 30th Street. Manager Mr. Rudolph Aronson. Saturday Matinee at 2. Evenings at 8.

to Cents. ADMISSION. Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$2, \$10, \$20. (By special arrangement with R. D'OLLY CARTE.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

Or,

THE MERRY MAN AND HIS MAID.

GREAT CAST, MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES, SCENERY, &c.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 6th Avenue. Sole Manager Mr. J. W. ROSENQUEST. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

CORA TANNER. CORA TANNER in Robert Buchanan's society comedy, FASCINATION. FASCINATION. A Beautiful Production. Gallery 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th Ave. and 49th St. DANIEL FROMMAN, Manager. Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at 2. Special Matinees on Wednesdays. Second Month. E. H. SOTHERN and Mr. Frohman's Comedy Company in the new play by De Mille and Belasco, LORD CHUMLEY. LORD CHUMLEY.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS. Broadway and 99th Street. Sole Manager. LEW DOCKSTADER. THE HOME OF SABLE COMEDY AND MELODY.

MASTER HARRI. SO QUICKLY DEAD. Is Bachelorhood a Success? Evenings, 8:30; Sat. mat., 2:30. Reserved seats, 50c.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Iced Abr. Mr. A. M. Palmer. Sole Manager. Gillette's Delightful Comedy, A LEGAL WRECK.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2. HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE. Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN, Proprietor. M. W. HANLEY, Manager. MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN in his new local play, WADY GOOGAN. New music and original songs by Mr. DAVE BRAHAM. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. Prices, 25c., 50c., \$1 and \$1.50.

H. R. JACOBS' (Thalia) OLD BOWERY THEATRE. (Bowery, below Canal.) Matinees—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THIS WEEK. THE WAGES OF SIN. H. R. Jacobs' Sterling Co. Oct. 22—THE ROMANY RYE.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVE. THEATRE. Corner 31st Street. THE POPULAR THEATRE OF NEW YORK. For H. R. JACOBS' Two Grand Production, Week. LIGHTS O' LONDON.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, Broadway near 30th St. J. W. ROSENQUEST, Lessee and Manager. Hoyt's Latest Musical Farce Comedy, A BRASS MONKEY.

"Full of rollicking, reeking merriment."—Herald. A Great Company of Comedians, including CHARLES REED and FLORA WALSH. Gallery, 25c.; reserved, 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery near Canal Street. FRANK B. MURTHA, Sole Proprietor. ONE WEEK ONLY. CHA. L. DAVIS in his new play, ONE OF THE OLD STOCK.

Matinee—WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Lessee and Manager, Mr. T. H. FRENCH. Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

ALONE IN LONDON. Oct. 28—LOUIS ALDRICH in KAFFIR DIAMOND.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Broadway, 4th Street and 7th Avenue. Manager, Mr. FRANK W. SANGER. Handsome and Safe Theatre in the World. Evenings at 8; Saturday Matinee at 2. Admission, 50c. Mr. A. C. Gunter's dramatization of his own novel, MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. THIRD WEEK. ESTELLE CLAYTON. A SAD COQUETTE. Evenings at 8. Saturday matinee at 2.

C

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Herndon have been engaged for
among the Pines.

A Legal Wreck will be seen at the Park Theatre,
Boston, on Dec. 12, in a new play, entitled Help.

Bratrice Lieb, the leading lady with The Pay-
master, has made a distinct success in this play.

Mary Ada Penfield recently played the role of Mercedes
in Monte Cristo at Providence, and was much
raised for her artistic work.

Pete Baker's new musical comedy, The Emigrant,
on Dec. 12, in a new play entitled Help.

Lavinia Shannon will open her season with Lady
Audley in The Mystery of Audley Court at the Ma-
sonic Temple Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Nov. 12.

Wesley Sisson is with A. M. Palmer's principal firm
the Panama company on the road. Dave Hayman, the
business manager, will take charge of the She com-
pany.

Bent's Opera House, at Medina, N. Y., has been
repeatedly improved since it passed under the management
of M. J. Matthei, who was for a number of years with
the Wilbur Opera company.

The New Theatre at Augusta, Ga., has open time
during the Exposition to be held in that city, including
weeks from Nov. 12 to Dec. 1. Manager S. H. Cotren,
of the New Theatre, is booking the time.

Harry Mann leaves the Parlor Match at the end of
this season to take the management of the California
Theatre, beginning with the engagement of Booth and
Jarrett, May 13. Mr. Mann will be a partner in the
establishment.

It is stated that T. J. Farron will close his season
in the 17th night, in the Soap Bubble. He will open in
this city on Nov. 12 in a new play entitled Help, writ-
ten by Joe Mearlow. Edward J. Connelly will assume
control of the Soap Bubble.

Mrs. Walter S. Baldwin (Pearl Melville) was the
recipient of a gold coin badge, the gift of Lima (O.)
College, B. P. O. E., the lady having been admitted an
honorary member. Mrs. Baldwin was the 51th lady
who has been admitted to the Order in the United
States.

The Opera House at Westfield, Mass., formerly
known as Music Hall, has been completely remodelled
and refitted with the latest improvements. The new house
is V. Howe is booking the time. The new house will be
opened about Nov. 1.

The Denver Theatre, formerly Music Hall, at Den-
ver, Colo., has been completely remodelled and fitted up
in this city on Nov. 12 in a new play entitled Help.

W. H. Holloway, in advance of His Natural Life
company, states that that attraction has met with popu-
lar success on the Pacific Coast. It is said that Charles
C. Maubrey has made a hit in this play, and Nellie
Lloyd has also scored a success. The company is coming
East.

Fred Mordant paid a flying visit to Washington
last week to see the production of George H. Jones's
play, Lady Margaret, by Edna Ellis and her company
at Albion's Theatre on the 12th. He returned on
Monday with glowing words of praise for play and
star. There will be several changes made in the com-
pany before the piece is put on the road.

Manager H. R. Jacobs has some choice open time as
follows: At H. R. Jacobs' New Lyceum, Brooklyn, E.
J., week stands from November to April. This house
was opened a fortnight ago, and is meeting with re-
markable success. Also week stands in these cities:
Providence, Buffalo, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York,
Montreal and Toronto. Mr. Jacobs has immediate
open time at Paterson, Reading, Utica and Syracuse,
in eight nights.

Mattie Vickers is reported to have met with great
success in the West since the opening of her season.
Miss Vickers has added many attractive features to her
popular plays. The New Jacques and Cherub, and she
has in preparation a new German comedy, written for
her by E. A. Lock, which she will produce at the
season, adding the new play to her repertoire. She has
few dates open for one week stands.

Edwin Thorpe has changed the title of The Right
Man to True Blue. Mr. Thorpe purchased this play
through Fred W. Sidney, the English manager, who
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HOWARD'S TALK.

THE CIGARETTE NUISANCE CHARACTERIZED, TOGETHER WITH CERTAIN OTHER OFFENSIVE HABITS PREVALENT IN FOYER, PARQUET AND ON THE STAGE—THE ANNOYANCES WHICH MILITATE AGAINST A PLAYGOER'S ENJOYMENT.

As I sat in Frank Sanger's cosy office, hurriedly writing for publication in a morning daily a criticism of Mr. Barnes of New York—a dramatization, by the way, of the best story of its kind that I have read in ten years—I was nearly stifled with cigarette smoke, much of which came in at the open door from the foyer, and some of which was contributed by the other people in the office. Being notified that the curtain was up on a succeeding act, I left the office, and was instantly enveloped in the stenchful clouds, and as I passed down the aisle, through the crowded audience, seated in the handsomest theatre, as dear old Mr. French says, in the world, I noticed that the atmosphere was distinctly pervaded with that most noisome of smells. It is an unfortunate fact that the theatres and gin mills are apparently inseparable. Build a theatre where you will, and ere its doors are open to the public, one rum shop, at least, will be opened near it. You won't ask proof of this assertion. If you do, I will point you to any theatre in the city, or in any other city, for my answer.

Why is it? Again let me point to the theatre for the reply. As the curtain descends the men in the audience grab their hats and rush frantically up the aisle and into the street, followed by the duds. The men rush instantly to the liquor saloons, the duds feebly fumble for their cigarettes and matches, and from that moment health is undermined, discomfort is precipitated upon the women, the edifice is endangered, and a general condition of uncanniness pervades the situation.

I intend no temperance lecture. I drink myself.

Every man has a physical right to do as he pleases. He can chop off his fingers joint by joint; he can gouge out his eyes, disembowel himself, for all I care; but no man living has a physical right to parade his offensiveness before my nostril, and still less has he the right, solely for his own selfish gratification, not only to make offensive and, to many, unbearable, the atmosphere of a public gathering place, and less right yet by his carelessness to endanger property and human lives.

You don't see it? Well, let's go a little further. You remember the little incident in the lobby of Wallack's Theatre, the last night it remained under that honored name, or possibly a night or two previous—at all events when John McCaull's company were playing there. One of these small-headed, lanky-limbed, flap-chested, hollow-eyed cigarette suckers, having fired his cigarette, threw the still burning match upon the floor, setting ablaze in a second one of the heavy curtains, which fortunately the brawny manager grasped in his hand, pulled to the ground, extinguishing the fire in a moment, and then bounced the idiot. That's what I mean by endangering. John McCaull happened to be there, so the fire happened to be extinguished; but if it should happen to happen again when no interested person was looking on—well, we wouldn't go into that.

As I am preaching no temperance lecture, so am I making no assault upon smoking. I have very pronounced ideas as to the harmfulness of cigarette-smoking, but they are my own, and, probably, not yours. What I do say, however, is that theatre managers should be compelled by law of the land, if they are not willing to recognize the law of common sense and common courtesy due to their patrons, to prohibit, absolutely and literally, all smoking of whatever nature in any part of their theatres.

Mr. Gilmour as Mr. Barnes of New York, lighted a cigar while on the stage and threw the still burning match aside. He may be able to do that ninety-nine times with impunity, yet, if on the hundredth he should set fire to any part of the scenery and the theatre should be burned, whether life was lost or not, columns of abuse would be written against him and the management.

Actors smoke in their dressing-rooms; they smoke while waiting for their cues; they leave their half-burned cigars and cigarettes upon ledges here, there, everywhere. You, who know the general character of dressing-rooms, how flimsily, as a rule, they are built, with what inflammable material, lace-like fabrics, paint, grease, and fragile furniture they are filled, must realize the danger of this habit, and when in addition to this, which is but sure is against the rules—but the rules are never enforced—from twenty to a hundred youths are permitted each to strike his match, each to light his cigarette or cigar, each to throw aside the half-burned match, and the half-burned cigar or cigarette, the danger becomes an absolute temptation, an inducement, as it were, to the fire-brand, and his allies, accident, chance, whatever.

Change these habits! My seats in every theatre are on the aisle. Being very near-sighted, and having always been so, they have for twenty-five years been within three or four rows of the orchestra rail. At every performance I am compelled, by ordinary courtesy, either to rise or to twist myself about so that from two to six thirty men

may go out at each dropping of the curtain. The same courtesy compels me either to rise again or twist about again that these men, smelling of whiskey, smelling of smoke, may pass in again. I may be super-sensitive in nostril, but I doubt if I am any more alive to foul odors than delicate women are, and, besides, I frequently go out myself to get the fresh air, stretch my legs, walk back, change my position, relieve one set of muscles at the expense of another. But the women sit through the entire performance, and are not only compelled, by custom, to submit to that physical strain, but to submit to these unendurable blemishes, born of man's selfishness and thoughtlessness.

How can it be avoided? I am not suggesting remedies. I am photographing a situation. The smoking part is a crime. Managers should be compelled to stop it altogether. The drinking part resolves itself into a question for individual solution. If a man is unable to sit during an entire evening by the side of a lady whom he has invited to a theatre, it is his privilege to walk out between the acts, and I would it were a general custom for ladies to walk about as well. But it will hardly be pretended that any man, old enough to support himself and to afford the pleasures of an evening's entertainment with a companion, cannot resist a desire for drink until the final fall of the curtain. We must be in a bad way, indeed, if our appetites have such firm hold upon us as to garment us, as it were, with habits so injurious to ourselves, so offensive to our neighbors.

It has occurred to me that managers might, to a certain extent, regulate this wild rush by having shorter waits between the acts. On first nights an audience naturally makes excuse for shortcomings, although it is difficult to understand why, because no manager ought to present a piece until it has been thoroughly rehearsed and re-rehearsed, as much by the stage hands as by the actors.

We have many illustrations of unnecessary waits.

Clara Morris, unquestionably the greatest dramatic genius of the age, tries the patience of her audience to the extremest limit, and were it not for a widespread belief in her physical weaknesses, she would be taught a severe lesson for her offences in that line. Booth and Barrett indulge in long waits, and heaven knows they give us nothing new, nothing requiring the inordinate length of time they demand for recuperation for waste of "mental energy." The first night of the Old Homestead, yes, the first week, the waits were absolutely absurd. It is no excuse that their sets were heavy, and that they had more scenery than they could handle. They should have found that out at rehearsal. The public paid to see a performance, instead of which they participated in a thought meeting, with spasms of stage entertainment.

If the music were better, audiences could put up with this annoyance more readily, but with two exceptions—Harrigan's and Daly's—until the Broadway was opened, the music in our theatres was beneath contempt. The best orchestra in the city, and for that matter in the country, is conducted by Dave Braham in Harrigan's Park Theatre. His music is a treat, and music lovers enjoy his interpretation, not alone of the graceful swinging products of his own genius mind, but of the best efforts of the best masters. Ernest Neyer's orchestra, in the Broadway Theatre, is capable of excellent work, and Daly's band has long been regarded as one of the best in the country.

As a rule, however, managers are simply men of money, with common sense views as to a felicitous combination of place and players. They know but little of art and care less. Their one aim, end, object, is a successful run, which will put money in their purses. That's all right; they are merchants. They trade in plays, and doubtless these matters, which are of temporary annoyance to individuals, never come to them as great evils affecting a community.

Take Manager Palmer for instance. We will suppose that he has two companies on the road, each playing to a thousand people a night, that he entertains in Palmer's Theatre 1,500 people, and in the Madison Square Theatre 800 every night. In other words, he is responsible for the entertainment, the comfort, the pleasure of 3,800 human beings, seven times in forty weeks of every year. There are many towns in New England where a population of 3,800 would make land so valuable as to double the real estate value of the entire township; but, mind you, it is 3,800 people, seven times a week, and if those 3,800 people seven times a week, three-fifths being women, one-fifth men, who are sufficiently self-regarding as to leave whiskey and tobacco alone during the evening, he permits the remaining one-fifth by their tumbling out between the acts, by their drinking and their smoking, by their returning, gin-laden and smoke-permeated, to physically annoy, and therefore mentally disturb, a population, which, in the aggregate, would make an enormous cityful.

Now Palmer is a man of unusual intelligence, and one of the few at the head of dramatic affairs who ever reads or studies or cares to know anything whatever about the aesthetics of his craft. Yet there is not a theatre which he controls where these nuisances are not conspicuous. I select Mr. Palmer because for many reasons he stands at the head of his guild. He is president of the Actors' Fund; he is chairman of this, that and the other, and he is the sole manager of two

conspicuous theatres in this city, besides controlling travelling companies throughout the land.

If such things are permitted in the green, what must be permitted in the dry? If educated intelligence fails to comprehend the situation, and to tackle it, with potential hand, what need we look for in the camp of the mercenary?

It will be a halcyon day indeed when an invented double stage, or some other ingenious aid and abetment, is brought into use so that a continuity of action will be possible and cigarette fiends will be compelled, perforce, either to keep away from the theatre altogether, or conduct themselves like men while there.

It will be a long step, too, toward, not prohibition, but equitable common-sense temperance, when audiences are by the very condition of affairs compelled to remain in their seats from the start to the finish of a performance.

HOWARD

The Christmas Number of THE MIRROR will be published on Saturday, Dec. 1. Price, 25 cents. Advertisements received until Nov. 17.

Professional Doings.

—Josephine Laurens, late with Effie Ellier, is at liberty.

—The Renfro Opera House at Opelika, Ala., has passed under the management of Byers and Co.

—Hank Newell has assumed the managerial control of His Royal Highness.

—Manager Porter, of the Potter Opera House at Amsterdam, N. Y., has dates to fill this month and next.

—Sadie Martineau arrived from France on Sunday by La Bourgogne, after a four months' trip abroad. Her plans for the season are not yet matured.

—The Hamilton Dramatic enterprise, of which George H. Hamilton was the proprietor, disbanded at Hamilton, O., last Friday. Hamilton is said to have left the company with salaries unpaid.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

ALTOONA, PA.

THE NEW ELEVENTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE.
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS OPERA HOUSE IN THE CITY.

This elegant Opera House will be built on the site of the old Opera House, and the supervision of the celebrated architect, Mr. J. M. Wood, of Chicago, and will open Oct. 1, 1888, with

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

Stage 36 feet deep, 72 feet wide and 30 feet high. Seating capacity about 1,500. Edison incandescent lights. The whole house beautifully upholstered, decorated and carpeted, and the most approved folding opera chairs will be used throughout. For open time address E. D. GRISWOLD, Manager, Or Klaw and Erlanger, Taylor's Exchange, 23 E. 14th Street, New York, Agents.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

POTTER OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity 1,000. Population 20,000. Steam heat. Light by gas. Automatic tilting back opera chairs. Only popular-price theatre in the city. Open time Oct. 23, 24, Nov. 8, 10 and 12, week. Address O. H. PORTER, Lessee and Manager, Lock Box 44.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Grand Opera House. Population 15,000. Located in the centre of the city; has every improvement known at the present day. Stage 36x50; 12 dressing-rooms; 10 full sets of scenery. Incandescent lights; heated or cooled by steam. Seating capacity, 1,500. First class attractions wanting time address C. A. IDLER & CO.

ALLIANCE, OHIO. PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
Third season. Centrally located. Ground floor. Seating 850. Elevated seats. Pop. 7,000. Open dates for good attractions. G. W. SOURBECK, Manager.

ATTICA, OHIO. LEBOLD'S OPERA HALL.
Good Show Town. Ten Sets Scenery. Rent or Share. Address C. A. MYERS, Manager.

BRISBANE, PA. BRISBANE OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 800. M. J. VAN DUSEN.

BOSTON, MASS. THE CARROLLTON.
Corner Providence and Church Streets, opposite Providence Depot.

ON THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN TABLE FIRST CLASS. SPECIAL RATES TO PROFESSIONALS. Miss M. J. DICK, Proprietress.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA. ROSEDALE OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 1,000. L. B. KINDLINE, Manager.

CHARLESTON, S. C. PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
F. L. O'NEILL, - Lessee | F. O'NEILL, - Manager

Ready Oct. 1, 1888. Capacity, 1,500. Four private boxes. Latest improved opera chairs from Andrew & Co. Stage is 68 feet from footlights to back wall and is 50 feet wide. Six large dressing-rooms and one sitting-room all well furnished on stage floor. Scenery is all F. F. PROCTOR'S and Landis' House has a new orchestra, with new music. Special inducement to managers for terms and particulars address at once J. F. O'NEILL, Manager, W. W. RANDALL'S Agency, 157 Broadway, New York.

DANVILLE, VA. NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Solicits engagements for season commencing Sept. 1, 1888, and especially for Exposition Week, Nov. 25. Only theatre in the city. Recently opened. Furnished in first-class style, with most scenery to be obtained. Latest improved chairs. First floor. Street-cars pass the door. Altogether one of the prettiest and best equipped opera houses in the South.

DOWAGIAC, MICH. DOWAGIAC OPERA HOUSE.
W. R. PETER, - Lessee | F. O'NEILL, - Proprietor

Seating capacity 1,000. First-class in every particular.

DATES OPEN. F. F. PROCTOR'S OFFICIAL LIST OF THEATRES AND OPERA HOUSES.

PLAYING FIRST CLASS ATTRACTIONS ONLY AT REGULAR PRICES.

F. F. PROCTOR'S 23D STREET THEATRE, New York City.

F. F. PROCTOR'S THEATRE (Late Novelly), Brooklyn, E. D.

F. F. PROCTOR'S CRITERION THEATRE, Brooklyn, W. D.

F. F. PROCTOR'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Bridgeport, Ct. Nov. 27 and week Dec. 27.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Boston.

F. F. PROCTOR'S LYNN THEATRE, Lynn, Mass. Oct. 18, 19, 20, Nov. 1, 2, 3, week Nov. 4, Nov. 15, 16, 17.

F. F. PROCTOR'S FULTON OPERA HOUSE, Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 22, 23, 24, Nov. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 17. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Wilmington, Del. 3, 5, 6, 7, 17. (Popular Prices.)

HARTFORD, Dec. 27. All applications for time to be addressed, MAIN OFFICE, ALBANY, N. Y.

ERIE, PA.

CLAUS THEATRE.
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MEN.

I will wager that more than half the girls who go on the stage are prepared to, and expect to, find the men "roaring lions." Some of the girls have a sneaking idea that they will find roaring lions rather interesting; the rest are afraid, and hope, by being very quiet and harmless, to escape being roared at if possible, and anyhow to escape being "devoured" by said lions.

You will regard the women more or less your natural friends, and the men more or less your natural enemies and as part of the difficulties you are obliged to meet in your struggle for fame and maybe fortune, though you are the more anxious just now for the fame part.

I really believe the stage "lions" are the most harmless of their kind. You will probably strike a few in your first year, and you won't quite know what to do. Before you are out three weeks one of the men—probably one of the rather good-looking ones—says in an off-hand, easy way: "I have had a little supper served in my room at the hotel. Suppose you and Miss So-and-so join me in it?" It's done in such a very matter-of-fact, friendly sort of way that you get the feeling that runs more girls into trouble or awkward situations and false positions than does another one thing I know of. The feeling I mean is this: "I wouldn't like him to think I suppose he would ask me to do anything that wouldn't be quite the right thing for me to do." A rather complicated mental remark, but it is the only way to put into words the delicacy we often feel about avoiding an invitation that does not quite please us.

Make up your mind that the men know the life thoroughly—that they know exactly the value of what they may ask you to do, and the construction that will probably be put upon it; that until they find you out they are not giving you credit for being either a "lady" or something less, or not a lady at all. You are sure, therefore, to get yourself into a false light if you fancy people are only going to present to you that side of the life which you intend to cultivate. They don't know what you intend, and what's more, they don't care in the least.

It is very, very seldom that a man will intend to insult you or offend you, though he may do both. He does not know what will insult you; different things insult different people, of course. So far as he knows you are no more "particular" than lots of other nice, jolly girls he knows who are sort of "one of the boys;" who are warm-hearted, true women, very likely, and who—therein lies a difference, too—probably know him better than you do. The only safe thing is to attend to your own feelings, and don't be afraid of "hurting" the men's feelings, and never get offended yourself. Just meet good-humoredly whatever comes along and simply avoid doing whatever strikes you as doubtful, and be prompt about it, too.

You will make your own friends, you will have many and many a delightful "cold bite" after the theatre, things will adjust themselves, but don't rush them. You will find many a staunch *bon camarade* and good friends among the men you meet; but, believe me, they will be found the quicker if you keep pretty strictly to yourself at first, and they are not likely to be found among the class of men who propose "opening a bottle" with you when you have been in the company about a week.

There is another "roaring lion" of the jackal order that if you start low down you may come in contact with. He does not wear a very clean collar and no one would ever mistake him for a gentleman. I suppose he isn't one, but he may have a good deal of decent heart in him for all that. This "roaring lion" is very clumsy and stupid and spiteful. He regards kissing the soubrette as a particular privilege of his, and will probably airily experiment on you. It isn't pleasant, and a girl is very likely to get panic-struck at even a small danger where her delicacy is offended, and you will probably be frightened to death.

The soubrette this "lion" is used to is a cheery young woman who slaps people's faces and says, "You leave me alone, now, or I'll scream;" or else makes no fuss at all about a kiss, but regards it in quite an off-hand way. After all, though he is big and stupid, and dirty, too, there "isn't any harm in him," but about that time he seems to you the personification of all that is dreadful on the stage, and when it crawls through him that you are really miserably in terror he will most probably let you go with more or less contempt, of course, saying, "There, you needn't cry. I wasn't going to hurt you, was I?" and afterward speaks of you as "a nice girl, but Lord! no spirit!"

Maybe you are more than frightened and you arise in your might and do some fine work in fierce invective, although your soubrette dress may not be so dignified as it might be, and you give the thing a tongue lashing that makes him feel he isn't quite the heaven-graced creature he had believed himself, and that he has struck a young bombshell; in which case he will say of you afterwards: "A nice girl—but Lord!" without adding "no spirit."

You will be patronized so much this year! Old-stagers will delight in giving you "points," with an air of knowing the whole business backwards. Nothing seems to please an old-stager as does an attentive, respectful novice. Then His Leads will patronize you and the men in general will have a way of patting your head and saying you are a nice little thing, of which remark the "nice" will not impress you particularly and the "little" will rattle.

Then you will come across, very likely, the big, stupid boy type of fellow—good-looking probably, when he stands still, but rather floppy when he moves. He has "rich people;" he is a "gentleman;" he believes the life is more "bohemian" than it is. "Bohemian" to his mind means little more than an unlimited opportunity for general free and easy make-believe love-making—harmless, of course, but not pleasant. "Dignity" does not affect him at all. He is too imbued with the conviction that "what ever you say you like it," "it" meaning being promiscuously made love to. Then, too, he tells you that he has talents and

is bound to rise and that, of course, you had better look out for your chances as leading lady. This big stupid will annoy you awfully, and when at last you get it through him that you don't want him around, he is so pathetically astonished that you run a great risk of laughing and turning him into just the malicious "bad friend" such stupid, self-centred boys can be.

Don't make the mistake of thinking you can improve the fellow. You can't. Just get rid of him as soon as possible. The chance for him to improve was lost long ago in the nursery. You will be so universally treated to either patronage or flattery from the men during this year that you will feel rather like making up your mind that "stage people" are different from other people.

Don't get discouraged; smother your "blue ness;" court no one's attention or kindness; avoid "getting on your dignity;" try with all your sense to understand how people mean things, and so judge their actions. Whether one thing or another is meant, just quietly and as inoffensively as possible steer clear of what does not please you or what offends your taste. If you run up against things that offend you, blame yourself and get around the difficulty as soon as possible, and know better next time.

One thing you must understand at once. Your room must be your parlor; you are not rich enough for a suite, you know. You will find that sooner or later men will treat you as you require them to, even in this "snubbing" first season, and though they may "drop in for a moment" now and then, it will be inexcusably your own fault if your room even seems like a lounging place, where hats are not removed and where cigars are lighted without your permission.

Your room is your own, and there people must treat you as you require. You will not be able to leave much to their taste or good manners. They may have both, but they don't know they are to bring out either for you. In your own room you can exact the treatment you wish, and do so. The men who fret under it are not the ones you care to have "drop in" again, though if your room is always bright and you are always good-tempered and provided with needle and thread, people will come. You may be dubbed "stuck up," but if you *aren't* stuck up that won't last, even though hats-off is a rule in your room, or any other rule you choose to make is a rule in your room.

Take care of yourself; carry your own bundles; always have needle and thread in your dressing-room and a stray button; be quick and obliging about "just taking a stitch," and make it your habit to slide out when things don't please you in a crowd, or of saying simply your mind when a situation jars against your taste, without implying any fault finding with the person who jars, and things will gradually adjust themselves, and the life will begin to turn the side you seek toward you.

One or two men will understand you first and you will have one or two friends. This first year is so hard in these ways I wish I could have spoken so that each one who needs it could have found help for their own hard times. Whatever they may be, believe me I am right when I say: Keep your standard for yourself faithfully on its own level. Be too just, too human-hearted to judge others or blame others or measure others by your standard; but, for yourself, do not ever feel the life, its claims or obligations, require you to lower or change it in the least. Take your own way—inoffensively if possible, outspokenly if absolutely necessary—steadily always. Your way will often carry you in the teeth of gossip and malicious slander—any way is bound to do that—but stick to it. The "letter" of your law you will modify as you understand the situation yourself and others better. But keep the "spirit" of it always faithfully the same. *It can be done.* POLLY.

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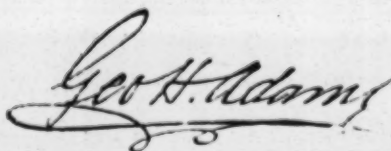
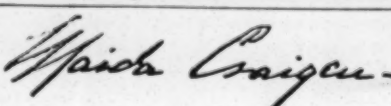
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